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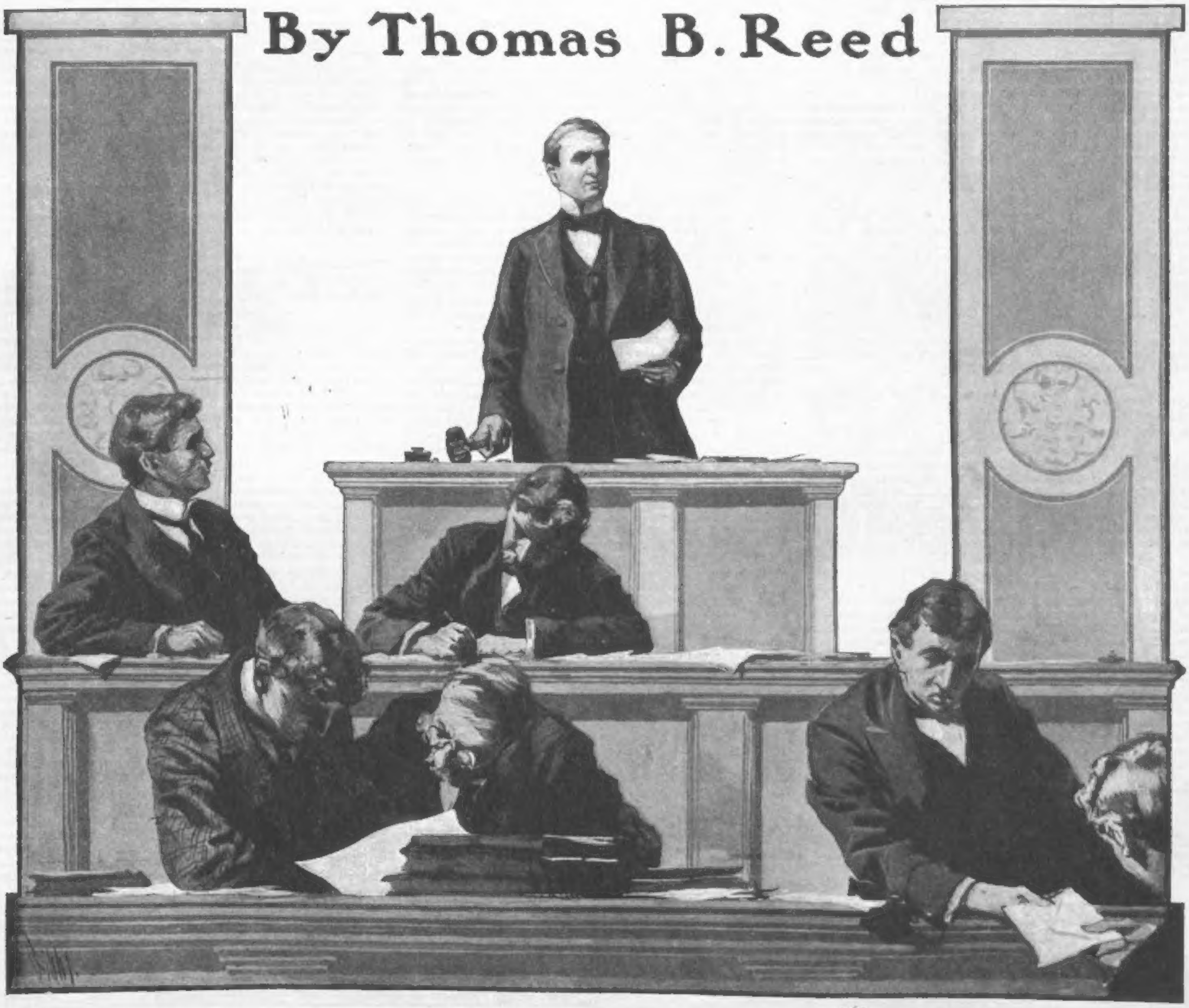
The House *of* Representatives

By Thomas B. Reed



The House of Representatives
How it Does Business
By Thomas B. Reed

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THE transaction of business in the House of Representatives is a mystery even to some of the members. Some never learn how it is done, and all have to struggle with the subject for no small period of time. To the beginner, the whole thing seems hopeless and impossible to learn; but to the persevering there gradually opens a view of the system, and they find that there are good reasons for even the things which seem the most troublesome and unreasonable.

The first thing the House has to do is to organize itself out of chaos and take form and cease to be void. How to do this safely was a puzzle for a long time. How to dispose of disputed memberships during the very process which could alone give the House power to act was not only a standing menace each time the House met for the first session, but in the famous New Jersey case brought the process of organization to a standstill for weeks, until everybody was too tired to prolong the struggle after John Quincy Adams pointed out the way to surmount the difficulties.

In view of these difficulties and dangers, it was, however, finally determined that it was better to run the risk of usurpation than of inextricable confusion; that a danger which could be measured was better than a danger which could not. Hence it was established by law that the Clerk of the preceding House should make a list of the members-elect who had proper credentials, and that that list should be the one on which the House should be organized, under the supervision of this same Clerk as a temporary presiding officer. The Clerk standing in his place at twelve o'clock of the day appointed by law, or by the President's proclamation, if an extra session, first calls the members-elect to order, and then calls the name of each member on his list, who, if present, responds. If a quorum, which is a majority, responds, the body then proceeds to choose a Speaker, which is done *viva voce*, each member stating his choice when his name is called. When the Speaker is elected, the Clerk appoints two or more members, generally his competitors, to conduct him to the chair. The Speaker then delivers a short address and announces himself as ready to take the oath, which is administered to him by the member of the House oldest in consecutive service. When the Speaker has taken the oath, he then administers the same to the members, who take their places in groups in front of the Speaker as their names are called. When this ceremony has been completed, the House chooses, usually by resolutions, its other officers: a clerk, who records the doings of the House, and is in charge of all clerical proceedings; a doorkeeper, who has control of much of the service of the House; a sergeant-at-arms, who pays the members and helps the Speaker keep order; a postmaster, who takes charge of the mail matter of the members; and a chaplain, who opens the sessions with prayer.

Getting the House into Working Order

After the election of these officials, and after giving to the Senate and to the President notice of organization, the House is then ready to proceed to business. The first business is usually the adoption of rules. It was at one time thought that the rules of the preceding House could be made to bind its successor; but of late years no one contends for that idea, and each House is understood to be a law unto itself. The rules usually provide for the appointment of committees by the Speaker, and the transaction of business on the basis of their recommendations. The committee system of government is so firmly established in the House of Representatives that it seems part and parcel of its constitution and character, and not at all a mere method of doing business. Usually it takes three weeks or a month for the Speaker to complete his task of appointing his committeemen. What he really does is to arrange the whole three hundred and fifty-seven members and the delegates into committees, and organize the whole body; for in filling each committee he has to keep constantly in mind all the others. He has to take into account all parts of the Union, the varied interests of each and every State and Territory. Due weight must also be given to length of service as well as to demonstrated capacity, and each member must be placed on at least one committee. What with the claims of geography, length of service, differences of politics, personal merit, pressure of friends and push and pull of interests, most Speakers are so worn by the task as to be glad of the Christmas holidays for reasons altogether different from those connected with the sacred associations of the time. As a matter of self-preservation, the Speaker usually announces his committees just before the vacation, in order that the grieved, who are many, may go home, where they can have room and time to clear up their feelings and let atmospheric absorption of language set in.

When the House comes back at the end of the holidays it is ready for its work. The work before it is of two great general classes, which may be called public and private, though the lines of demarcation are not at all times duly kept up. Of the business called public there are two classes, one of which is absolutely essential and the other optional and dependent upon the judgment and opportunities of the House.

Providing for the Nation's Necessities

Government is at once a necessity which must cost much money and a luxury which may cost more. If we have officers to do the governing of us all, we must pay their bills and provide for their increase as we grow more prosperous and more populous. If we are to have armies and navies, these must be paid for, and the ways and means of payment provided. If we wish to administer justice throughout the land, money must be raised by law and appropriated by law. Unless all these things are done, the fundamental purpose of government fails. These, then, as a whole, though each item may be disputed, are matters of necessity, and hence the two committees of greatest importance in the House are the Committee on Ways and Means, which has control of means to raise revenue, and the Committee on Appropriations, so-called, which has control of the larger part of the details of expenditure. Laws, however, which raise revenue are not of yearly enactment, and the Committee on Ways and Means may be a dormant committee for long years; but when it does come into action, it so affects the business and property of the nation that its primacy among committees is fully established in the House. Its chairman is the titular and natural leader of the House, and its first member on the other side is the leader of the opposition.

The Committees on Appropriations (for there are more than one) exercise their power every year, for the expenditures of each year have to be provided for at each regular session of the Congress, and at the short session the Committees on Appropriations have almost complete charge of the House. There is, then, but little time or opportunity for new ventures in the way of legislation. Without attempting to enumerate the House committees, it is enough to say of the Committees on Appropriations that each one is always of great importance, and of all the rest of the committees that any one of them may become at any time of supreme importance. When the disposal of the Geneva Award, and afterward the whole question of the lapsed and unlapsed railroad land grants were thrown upon the Judiciary Committee of the Forty-seventh Congress, that committee could not complain of any lack of importance. Nor can the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce feel any sense of insignificance as long as the Nicaragua Canal with all its foreign relations and its possibilities of all sorts rests upon the shoulders of that committee. So, in its turn, any committee of the House may find itself in charge of matters of continental greatness. It is in these committees that the matters which come before Congress are primarily discussed. There evidence is taken, hearings are had, and examination is made. Whatever of careful deliberation is given at all is usually given here. These committees are too numerous to be recapitulated, and grow in numbers almost every Congress. They commence in many cases as select committees formed for a special purpose, and are then continued, even after the occasion has passed. This is largely from unwillingness to lose a chairmanship, a position of dignity which seems to the remote constituency as instinct with life as when it was first created.

All these committees, except a few, those on pensions, claims and accounts, concern themselves with business of a public nature, being forbidden to take up bills which concern individuals alone. All the bills which relate to public affairs are called public bills, and are divided into two classes, one of which, involving appropriations of money, goes to the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union, and is there indexed in order of presentation on what is called the Union Calendar.

As bills on the Union Calendar comprise all the great regular appropriation bills, and as these bills have the right of way, there is very little chance in the regular course of business for the various bills on the Union Calendar to have a hearing commensurate with the proposer's idea of what ought to be their importance. This difficulty is, however, not peculiar to our House of Representatives. In most other countries, appropriating money, being one of the highest functions of government, is surrounded by safeguards which exist on purpose instead of by accident. In England, not a dollar of money is ever even proposed to be appropriated except by Her Majesty's Government. With us, bills appropriating millions are put in by any member. We are not content with placing the power of originating regular appropriations in the hands of eight different committees, but we give nearly every committee out of the whole fifty-eight the right to propose expenditure to an amount entirely unlimited. Fortunately, the right of way can only be given to the regular bills, and the other ones must plead before the Committee on Rules for a chance to be taken up. In the House, no item can go on the regular bills which has not the sanction of existing law or of unanimous consent. As the Senate has no such rule, the entrance of the items of new expenditure takes place in the Senate, to be struggled with, for the most part, in conference between the two houses, through the dreary hours which drag themselves along to the hour of final adjournment.

All bills and petitions of every description and nature, with very few exceptions, are presented not in open House, as they used to be, but are placed in boxes at the clerk's desk, if private bills, or petitions; or, if of a public nature, are handed to the Speaker's clerk. Formerly all these bills and petitions were offered in the open House, the titles read, and, if a member called for it, a full reading was had of the bill or petition. The paper was then referred in open House to the committee deemed appropriate, and whole days were, during the session, spent in these proceedings, to which no one paid attention. Now, the paper is referred without taking a moment of the time of the assembly. Of course, there are provisions in the rules which enable due correction of any error to be made. In old times, nobody had a right to bring in a bill except by a vote of the House, sometimes, indeed usually, after discussion. Such is still the procedure in England. The bill or petition having been duly presented and referred to the appropriate committee is then in charge of that body, and the House awaits its action. If the committee does not choose to act, it may be discharged by a two-thirds vote of the House on some suspension day, and suspension days occur on the first and third Mondays of each month, one being devoted to suspensions proposed on the motion of a committee, and the other to suspensions on motion of a member.

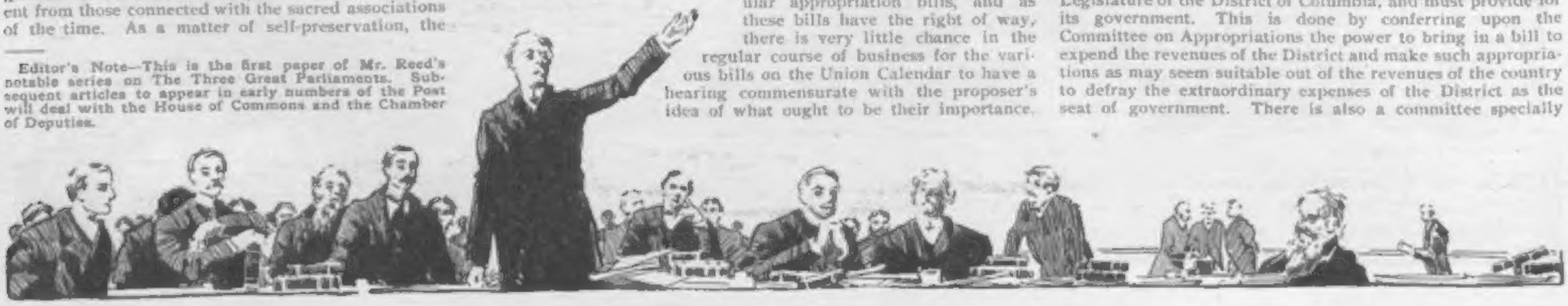
The Disposition of Different Kinds of Bills

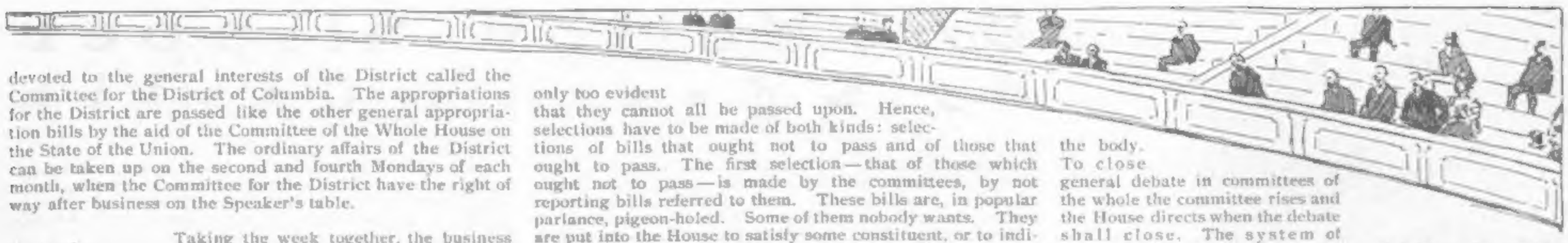
If the committee, after receiving the bill, sees fit to report, then it has power to file its report with the clerk, and the bill is immediately put upon the appropriate calendar to be disposed of by due course of proceeding. Appropriation bills and revenue bills are reported to the open house to enable points of order to be reserved before they are committed to the Committee of the Whole, and their titles placed on the Union Calendar. All other public bills appropriating money go on the same calendar. Bills of a public nature which do not carry or require appropriations go to what is called the House Calendar, and are to be disposed of in the House. The Union Calendar, then, contains the bills which carry money and raise revenue. The House Calendar contains the public bills which do not appropriate or call for money. There remain the private bills which concern individuals, of which examples are bills for personal pensions, for payment of claims of all kinds. These bills, when reported to the House by appropriate committees, go to the Private Calendar, and are considered in Committee of the Whole, which, as you will see, is a different committee from the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union, although composed of the same individuals: that is, all the members of the House. This committee sits on Friday only, and used to close its sessions by rising at five o'clock and taking a recess until eight, when the evening session used to commence, and continue until ten-thirty. This evening session was devoted entirely to personal pension bills.

In the present Congress the evening session was abolished and the second and fourth Fridays are now given to pensions, whereby the number of pension bills has been much increased. The other Fridays are used alternately to consider bills from the Committee on Claims and the Committee on War Claims.

The regular course of business for each day is not the same, and hence to give anything like a regular history of business, a week must be taken. Besides the regular work of the House as representing and disposing of the wants and needs of the people as a Union of States, the Congress is the Legislature of the District of Columbia, and must provide for its government. This is done by conferring upon the Committee on Appropriations the power to bring in a bill to expend the revenues of the District and make such appropriations as may seem suitable out of the revenues of the country to defray the extraordinary expenses of the District as the seat of government. There is also a committee specially

Editor's Note—This is the first paper of Mr. Reed's notable series on The Three Great Parliaments. Subsequent articles to appear in early numbers of the Post will deal with the House of Commons and the Chamber of Deputies.





devoted to the general interests of the District called the Committee for the District of Columbia. The appropriations for the District are passed like the other general appropriation bills by the aid of the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union. The ordinary affairs of the District can be taken up on the second and fourth Mondays of each month, when the Committee for the District have the right of way after business on the Speaker's table.

A Routine Week in the House

Taking the week together, the business has the following order: Each day the House is called to order at 12 o'clock noon. After prayer by the chaplain, the Journal, which is the official record of the preceding day, is read and approved by the House. All through the day petitions and private bills may be placed in the petition box and public bills handed to the Clerk. These are referred to committees and there are regulations to correct mis-reference. After the prayer, the order of business requires the reading and approval of the Journal and correction of reference of public bills. Then comes business on the Speaker's table, which consists of messages from the President, which are referred to appropriate committees without debate in open House. Reports and other papers from Heads of Departments and bills, resolutions and messages from the Senate are referred privately, like public bills presented by members subject to correction. House bills amended by the Senate are then acted on, together with Senate bills, which are substantially the same as House bills which have been reported favorably to the House. These last two classes of bills do not carry money. After this come certain kinds of unfinished business, which being disposed of, the morning hour commences, during which the various committees may call up bills the titles of which are on the House Calendar, and the disposal of such bills cannot be interrupted for sixty minutes. If a motion is then made to go into Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union, the House can so vote, or a motion can be made, when authorized by a committee, to take up a particular bill on the Union Calendar, and there may be one amendment naming another bill. If one of these bills is agreed upon, then the House goes into committee and disposes of that bill, or at least discusses it. If the House prefers to continue on the House Calendar, it may do so by voting down the motions to go into committee. Under these circumstances the House may take up the whole day on the House Calendar bills.

At any time, however, after the Journal is approved, the committee in charge of a general appropriation bill or a revenue bill may claim the right to go into committee to dispose of such a bill, and the House thereupon votes on the question that the House resolve itself into Committee of the Whole House, and very seldom votes in the negative. If in the affirmative, then the Speaker announces the vote and selects the chairman who presides over the committee. This procedure on the appropriation may occupy the day. When the bill is finished the committee usually rises and reports to the House, which then, with the Speaker in the chair, may dispose of all amendments made in the committee and such others as the House may desire to add. It is rare, however, that the House amends. Instead of a consideration in the House, the previous question is usually ordered and the bill passed. If the day be Monday, the first Monday of the month, or the third Monday, the Speaker may recognize a member to move to suspend the rules and pass a bill or resolution proposed by the member. This is an extraordinary procedure, and therefore surrounded by extraordinary safeguards. In the first place, if demand of a second be made by any member, the motion to suspend the rules must be seconded by a majority of the members, a quorum being present. If a majority, to be ascertained by tellers, does not second the motion, it proceeds no further. If a second be obtained by count by tellers or by unanimous consent, the right of debate exists for twenty minutes on each side. No amendment to the proposition is allowed. It must stand or fall as presented.

Suspension of the rules used to be allowed formerly much more frequently than now, though it has been, and still is, employed to pass bills involving vast sums of money when the session is far advanced and time for prolonged discussion is impossible. Its use is confined to the first and third Mondays, and to the last six days of the session. If the Monday is the second or fourth Monday of the month, the District of Columbia Committee, after the disposal of such business on the Speaker's table as requires reference only, may claim the attention of the House on bills relating to the District, and may keep possession of the House until adjournment, if necessary.

The Clash of Theory and Practice

Thus, in theory at least, it will be seen that a time is provided for each kind of business. Nevertheless, in practice, only a tenth, and sometimes only a twentieth, of the business begun is ever finished. This, however, applies to percentages by count only. All revenue bills, and all bills to pay the needed expenses of the Government, have their due opportunity. Way has to be made for important measures by selection, for, with 10,000 bills before the House, it is only too evident that they cannot all be passed upon. Hence, selections have to be made of both kinds: selections of bills that ought not to pass and of those that ought to pass. The first selection—that of those which ought not to pass—is made by the committees, by not reporting bills referred to them. These bills are, in popular parlance, pigeon-holed. Some of them nobody wants. They are put into the House to satisfy some constituent, or to indicate the virtuous activity of some Representative. Others are never pressed. Still others are not deemed worth reporting, and a great many encounter such opposition that it is not deemed worth while to bring them in. Notwithstanding all these prolific causes of death, comparable only to the methods of destruction of seed in Nature, many bills are reported each session which are as entirely without sense as they are without hope in the world. When the two years of Congress are ended these are all ended, and those which are destined to survive have to begin all over again.

The choice of bills which ought to be passed, or, at least, to have a hearing, has often to be made by the Committee on Rules, which committee has the right to report at any time a proposition for that purpose. If the House agrees to the action of the Committee on Rules, then the bill comes up for action, and usually the method of consideration and the form of action are determined by the resolution submitted by the Committee on Rules. Though this seems an arbitrary method of choice, it is not so in fact, for it applies only to bills which have much following and which obviously are desired by the House, and are the result of full consultation.

Of those bills which are reported, the revenue and general appropriation bills, except in the rare case of a severe party fight, are sure to pass. The rest have opportunities which are deemed most suitable and appropriate. Those on the House Calendar, public bills without appropriations, can all be discussed and passed upon. Public bills carrying money which are of private origin have little chance and, as a rule, deserve little. They meet much the same fate in all Legislatures which have much work to do. The private bills comprehending claims arising from war, or from civil causes, ought to have some general treatment outside the House and Senate, for there they go by favor and not by knowledge. At present a few of them are taken up Fridays when they are not shut out by the bills having the right of way, but those disposed of hardly equal the new ones.

The Fallacy of Unanimous Consent

Another method of passing bills outside of the rules is by what is called unanimous consent. As nobody knows beforehand what the bill is except the proposer, it will be seen that the Speaker must exercise great care under great pressure to prevent the presentation of unsuitable bills, and half the time all the information he can get will not keep him from mistake. When you add to this that the right of reprisal against an objector is regarded as suitable, and that there is no disposition in a large assembly to turn the unsmitten cheek, you can see that unanimous consent, which seems fair, in reality is the worst thing possible.

To the novice it would seem as if the business done by the consent of every member would be free from all possible evil, having passed the scrutiny of all without objection from any. In fact, however, the bills so presented are those nobody has any real information about, and the responsibility of objecting is not universal but individual, and while each doubtful man is hoping some other will take the responsibility, the bill slips through, and the House hopes it may be all right. If somebody objects, he has to explain to the proposer of the bill and be the subject of reprisal when his own little bill comes up. You would hardly think such anger could be in celestial minds—but it is.

The regular course of business for any day, as will be inferred, is actually so varied that you can hardly tell what direction it will take. But in its simplest form it may be shortly restated in this way: after the disposal of routine business ordinarily of little importance, it would be in order to take up the bills on the House Calendar by order of the committee in charge. This business must go on for sixty minutes; then the House can do one of two things: either continue on the House Calendar or go into Committee of the Whole generally, or on designated public business and close the day with that. This is the simplest statement of a day's work. On the first and third Mondays this order of business may be interrupted by suspensions of the rules and the passage of bills or resolutions as has been already described. On the second and fourth Mondays the Committee for the District of Columbia may claim the day for their work.

On Friday of each week the private bills have the right of way and, unless the House otherwise determines, the House resolves itself into Committee of the Whole to discuss and propose amendments to private bills which, on the rising of the committee, are passed by the House.

On all the days, after the reading of the Journal, the Committees on Appropriations and the Committee on Ways and Means may claim the right to move that the House go into committee to consider general appropriation or revenue bills, and, if the House so decides, the regular order of business is suspended until action on the appropriation or revenue bill is finished.

Thus far we have stated the proceedings in generalities and nothing has been said as to methods. Little, indeed, remains to be said, because the process is very simple. In the House, the power to close discussion is ample. The previous question can be moved at almost any time and upon almost everything. In committees discussion can be closed by the order of the body. To close general debate in committees of the whole the committee rises and the House directs when the debate shall close. The system of amendments under the rules is very satisfactory; for, besides an amendment to an amendment, there may be an amendment in the nature of a substitute, and both the original and the substitute may be perfected before the final vote on either has to be taken.

There is not only the usual motion to recommit before the vote, but after the vote to engross and to read a third time, after all the amendments have been made, there may be a motion to recommit either with or without instructions. The vote to lay upon the table has, in the House, an unusual effect. A bill which has been laid upon the table is as much defeated as if it were indefinitely postponed.

The discussions in the House and in Committee of the Whole by which bills and proceedings are explained take place under very many different rules and customs. Originally there was no limitation to the amount of time which a member might occupy. But as the House grew large and more men were contending for opportunities, it became necessary to limit each man's time, and therefore it became the rule, often relaxed by the consent of all, that at the end of an hour the member must cease. But the pressure to speak still continued, and the practice arose of farming out the hours to which men were entitled by the custom of the assembly among many members. One is given five minutes and another twenty minutes, and so on until but little is left for the one who alone has the right. The volume of apparent talk is still further enlarged by giving, as is often done, the right to enlarge in print five minutes of what you do say by fifty-five minutes of what you do not say.

The Conditions of Ideal Legislation

In Committees of the Whole there are two kinds of debate: what is called general debate on the whole bill after it is read, in which general debate each member may speak an hour, and then the five minutes' debate, which occurs upon each paragraph as it is taken up for particular consideration and amendment. This five minutes' debate is, on the whole, the most satisfactory debate there is, and much more likely to be confined to the subject which is being considered. In the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union the general debate takes a very wide range. Whereas other subjects in particular may be before the committee temporarily, the State of the Union is before it permanently. All debate is liable to degenerate into observations which concern the larger public than the one really addressed, and questions larger than those before the House. Memory brings back speeches already delivered on the stump, and these call to mind still others, and the difference between debate and deliberation becomes rather painfully evident. However, all deliberative bodies are the same, and our members do not monopolize idle talk and are not the only legislators who step aside for purposes of vainglory.

Under two conditions the House might pass upon all the questions submitted; but those two conditions are simply impossible, as will be seen on stating them. They are: if members would present only such bills as they deem desirable, and if the debates were confined to reasons relating to their passage or defeat. But it will be noticed that whenever a subject is popular, members are prolific in remedies which do not remedy. This multiplies bills. Then, the temptation to argue for the constituency and not for the audience is as persistent as it is natural. Doing one's duty is well, but freeing the mind is delightful.

The Tin Soldier of the British Army

PREVIOUS to his going to the front, Lord Methuen was extremely popular with the masses. He is a genial man and took a very active interest in the British Volunteer. But his soldiers did not like him. They considered him too shifty and nervous; they had no confidence in him, and soldiers are clever at discovering the real ability of a leader. A story is told of Lord Methuen's interview with Lieutenant the Honorable Walter Chetwyn.

Chetwyn came to Aldershot in charge of the Staffordshire militia, ordered out for the annual month's training. Methuen, who is an officer of the Guards, the smartest of all smart regiments, journeyed down from London to inspect the militia, and, after putting the men through their paces, called up Lieutenant Chetwyn and gave him a wigging.

After the inspection Lieutenant Chetwyn, "mad clean through," ran up to London, and making his way to the Lowther Arcade, where all toys for children are sold, invested two sovereigns in trim, tin soldiers. These he tacked on a board, in perfect order, and without any wrap or cover over them, sent them by special messenger to the Guards Club, addressed to Lord Methuen. On the reverse of the tag Chetwyn wrote that, as far as he had been able to gather, this was Lord Methuen's idea of a regiment. The arrival of this at the club caused consternation among the officers, as it was taken not only as an insult to Methuen, but a serious reflection on the Guards, who are, but hate to be thought, more or less "show" soldiers. This that at first looked like developing into a very awkward incident was, on the advice of the gray heads of the service, allowed to drop.

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The Yellow Slipper

By Egerton Castle

IN THE middle of the last century there was born a little Franconian Princess, who, as she grew up, was always laughing. Even when other babies cried, she had laughed; had cut her teeth with crows of joy over the coral; had danced in the sunbeams before she could articulate—*Glückskind*, her nurse had called her.

She lived in the dull old Court of the dull little State of Ansbach-Grünberg; for those were days when the Empire was still a patchwork of Duchies and Principalities, great and small—mostly small. Her father was Margrave of Ansbach.

Both he and the Margravine were advanced in life when they married, and this was the only child. Consequently, the little Princess had no companions of her own standing, and few of any other; for neither her mother nor her governesses approved of undue familiarity with those beneath her in station. Her life was regulated like the clocks in the Residenz. A prisoner, it seemed, would have had more chance of indulging in harmless amusements than had the Princess Charlotte Ottilia Isabella. And yet, as she grew from a baby to a child, from a child to a maiden, and reached the ripe age of seventeen years, the little Princess, girded in as she was, kept her merry heart. Her governesses thought it quite indecorous; most deplorable. But the Special Envoy of His Most Christian Majesty, Louis XV, the Well-Beloved (who had stopped almost a whole week at the Residenz), had proclaimed her the real sunshine of the Court; *la jolie Princesse Rit-Toujours*, he had been heard to call her. At this dull little Court, French was, of course, the only tongue of "good tone," even as everywhere else on the Old Continent; and thus *Rit-Toujours* became the loving name of the little Princess among the many, old and young, who loved her; that is, when they were not actually stifled by courtlike formality.

The Margravine, however, long-faced and dismal, never responded but by a sigh to the frankest peal of the girl's laughter. As for the Margrave, a pompous and yet strangely fussy man, the responsibility of his army (of six hundred and seventy men and twenty-one drummer-boys), his Privy Council of eight distinguished Ansbach-Grünbergers, of his ninety-two and a half miles of frontier, his doll's house Ministry, were matters which left him but little leisure for mere family concerns. Thus the Princess' life ran its course with that daily level of dullness we mentioned before; it was indeed a merciful dispensation that she was able to take her joyousness from within.

In the winter, the solemn, dreary old palace in the solemn, dreary little old town. In the hot weather, the sleepy Sommer Schloss, seven miles out. In the autumn, the occasional visit to the hunting lodge in the mountainous district at the farthest limits of the realm, quite thirty miles away. And so the year went around again to winter and the town. Yet through it all, as I have said, the little Princess knew not a sad hour; nothing could rob her of her light heart, her bubbling sense of fun, her young joy in her young life.

Of all the months of the year, that of the visit to the shooting lodge was the most satisfying to her cheerful soul. There they went in smaller state; the rigid rules of etiquette were relaxed. The little Princess had actually been known to snatch unrebuked an hour or two of absolute liberty in the woods. And then there were the woods themselves—the wide, beautiful, free woods, with the wind always murmuring in the treetops, and the brooks chattering down the stones, and new, unexplored mysteries of green glades at every turn; with the smell of the autumn leaves, the hidden, fascinating life of myriad feathered and furred things. It seemed as if the little Princess took away with her, from this all too brief sojourn in the heart of Nature, a provision of content and sweet memories for the other eleven months.

Now, the year when Charlotte Ottilia Isabella—these were the first three of the little Princess' many names—reached the age of seventeen, was one fraught with very deep importance. First of all, after her seventeenth birthday she was pronounced emancipated from schoolroom control and her governesses were discharged with a handsome pension. A lady-in-waiting was appointed to her, who, although she seemed very ancient in the little Princess' eyes, was, nevertheless, the youngest person about the Court except herself, and who had not such iron notions of the rules of life for Princesses as the deposed authority. Next, just before the emigration from the summer residence to the woods and mountains, the little Princess had been conscious of a certain stir in the stagnant atmosphere. She was promoted to silks and satins, immense powdered erections on her head and certain elaborate family jewels. And the rumor grew and spread that, now she was of marriageable age, the Margrave and Margravine were endeavoring to secure a suitable alliance for her.

The Princess did not trouble her head very much about the matter, but it amused her, even as the new frocks amused her, the high-heeled shoes that went click-click, and the delightful feeling of being able to order about instead of being ordered about.

"Toggenburg, get me some blue silk. Toggenburg, play me that minuet of Scarlatti. Toggenburg, order coffee."

And good, lank, pale-eyed, pale-haired Mademoiselle de Toggenburg, the new lady-in-waiting, would drop her invariable curtsy and flutter to obey with an alacrity at which the little Princess laughed till she cried.

So it was in this quite unwonted twitter of excitement that she went with the Margraval family to Schloss Tannenfels that autumn. And here it was that the strange things we are about to narrate happened to her.

The very first morning, when the Princess awoke from the heavy sleep which had followed on the fatigues of the journey, she looked out from under the great billowing blue silk eiderdown to see a rosy-faced woman, with plaits of corn-colored hair wound around and around her head, on her knees before the china stove, stuffing sticks into its capacious interior. Now, this woman was strange to the Princess; so she sat up in bed, propped her head upon her hand (that little head that ought to have been a mass of sunshiny curls, and yet was so rigidly powdered and plastered day by day!) and said, smiling:

"What has become of old Gretel?"

Old Gretel was she who had been used to light the Princess' fire in the previous autumns.

The woman sprang up from her knees with a half-frightened start and looked at the Princess' little pink face, smiling out of the bed at her; but reassured by the cherubic innocence of this exalted person's appearance, she dropped a rustic curtsy, and her own comely, ruddy countenance beaming back good will, answered in broad, peasant lingo:

"Gretel, may it please the Fraulein Princesskin, Gretel has the rheumatics so bad in her poor old bones that she can come no longer to the castle. And so the most gracious gentleman, the steward, has engaged me for the work during the Highnesses' visit. My grandmother stays at home now in the little house and minds the cooking, and I rise with the dawn and come every morning from the forest hither. Before that I used to mind the cooking for her, that is, when she worked here—for Gretel is my grandmother, may it please the Princesskin."

The fire roared and crackled up the stovepipes.

"Pull back the curtains," said the little Princess, "and open the windows, that I may smell the trees."

It was a brilliant, sunshiny day, and the smell of the pine trees was glorious, to the little Princess thought, as she sat up in bed and sniffed and sniffed as if she could never sniff enough. The good-natured peasant woman, with her hands planted akimbo on her sturdy hips, burst out laughing:

"Na, Miss Princess," she said, "that is something like, is it not?"

The little Princess laughed in concert. Nobody ever spoke like that to her before. It was delightful! And what ropes of hair the woman had about her head, and what a nice hard, red cheek! It looked as fresh and as healthy as the mountain itself. In the coarse white kerchief which was folded across her bosom there was fastened a little bunch of violets. Half hidden they were, but yet the Princess saw them and thought it was just what had been wanted to complete her pleasure. She knew it was not at all etiquette for a servant to sport such an adornment.

"From where hast thou the violets?" said she.

The woman blushed and smiled a singular smile, and hid them away in her bosom.

"Ach! from der Josef," she said, and, shutting the stove door, she dropped her curtsy and pattered out of the room. As she went the little Princess noticed that she held her hand over the kerchief where the violets lay, as if she kept something precious there that she loved. And the laughter died away upon Charlotte Ottilia Isabella's lips, and she began to wonder who was der Josef? And why did the woman look like that? And what did that smile mean?

She had never seen anything so strange before, and, wondering, she forgot to laugh.

A little later, however, she had good cause for merriment. A courier came to the castle that morning. Post-haste, he had ridden from the capital all through the night. There was great agitation at his arrival; and the Margrave, who had been going out shooting, put off the chase, so that the Princess knew that most important, indeed, must be the news that was brought.

In the afternoon she was summoned, with extreme formality, to the Margravine's private room. There she found her father and mother alone; on the table between them lay a great document with red seals and several other papers. Her mother's long, solemn face was flushed. Her father was hopping from leg to leg, mopping his forehead, though the day was not over warm; his eyes looked more protruding than ever as he rolled them at her over his heavy, gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Come hither, my dear, come hither," said he. "You are growing a big girl, aye, aye. I suppose you are quite aware that it is time to be looking out for a husband, hey?" He pinched her cheek; he was in high good humor.

The little Princess began to laugh, the idea was so comical.

"Oh, dear," sighed the Margravine, "how can Your Highness speak to her like that? The child has been far too well brought up ever to think of such a thing."

And then the Princess laughed again. As if the word "husband" had not been echoing in the air for the last three months!

"Well, tell her yourself," said the Margrave. "It is the mother's business, after all."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the Margravine, "a mother's responsibilities are very great, but never so great as in a person of my position. Come and sit by me, Charlotte Ottilia Isabella. You are aware that it has ever been your father's and my desire to provide for your welfare and happiness. The time has now arrived," said the Margravine, "when it becomes our duty to think of selecting a suitable consort for you. A consort, my dear."

"The fact is," interrupted the Margrave impetuously, "we have had a most unexpected offer for your hand, most unexpected and most gratifying, aye, aye." He pinched her cheek again. "Who would have thought that this chit was destined to be a reigning Princess?" Here he drew back a step, puffed out his cheeks, blew very hard and wagged his head till his little pigtail stood on end. "A reigning Princess, hey! That is something! What do you say to that, Princesskin?"

"A most magnificent alliance," the Margravine went trickling on, "and one, child, which we, the Margrave, your father, and myself, have no doubt will insure the life's happiness of our very dear daughter. It is a great satisfaction to feel that your education has been so carefully attended to, that you are fit for the highest station."

"A reigning Princess!" said the girl, jumping to her feet.

She had only seen a reigning Princess once and that was a very snuffy, fat, ugly, old lady, the Margravine's maternal aunt—the late Queen of Poland. But somehow the word conjured up thoughts of gold crowns and marble palaces and a splendid court; and also a shifty, blurred and yet glorious vision of a handsome young Prince, with a crown on his head and a red velvet cloak lined with ermine, who held her hand and looked into her eyes.

"The reigning Duke of Lusatia," said the Margrave, pompously, "has done us the honor of suing for your hand." As he spoke, he produced from amid the papers on the table a miniature case of very fine gold and enamel.

"His Serene Highness, the Duke of Lausitz," said the Margravine, rolling the words in her plaintive voice as if she liked the sound of them, "is most greatly and most justly esteemed, not only by his own devoted subjects, but by all the potentates of the world. He is reported to be one of the richest sovereigns of the Empire. We can the better trust our beloved daughter into his keeping that he has passed the first giddiness of youth. The late Duchess of Lausitz, his lamented first spouse," went on the Margravine, fixing a somewhat hard eye upon her daughter, "was well known to be deservedly happy, and widely envied in her exalted position. I am sure my daughter's merits will be no less——"

"And she has left no children," interrupted the irrepressible Margrave, "otherwise, you understand, my child, the alliance would not be so magnificent as it is."

"Is that the portrait of the Duke of Lusatia?" said the Princess.

She felt somewhat bewildered. The vision of the young Prince in the crimson mantle was quite obliterated.

"A most noble countenance," said the Margravine, taking the miniature from her husband's hand.

"A confoundedly fine man," said the Margrave, who liked to speak bluff and after the soldier fashion.

The Princess held out her hands; they trembled a little. But when she had looked at the portrait she burst out laughing—one of her childlike, uncontrolled peals—and she looked and laughed and looked and laughed again, till the precious miniature shook in her hands and the tears rolled down her plump cheeks.

Was this the reigning Duke, her future husband? This funny, fat man, with his queer nose, with his seas of cheek, his solemn, vacant eyes? Certainly the artist had given him a fine pink and white complexion, had painted his eyes very blue and his pursed-up mouth very pink; and his powdered peruke had beautiful, nice, tight, round curls! Nevertheless——

"Why, he has three chins," said the little Princess, as soon as she could speak; and then she was off again. "Three chins! Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he!"

"Is our daughter daft?" said the Margrave, growing very red in the face. "Is this your fine bringing up, madam?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" sighed the Margravine, "this is most unseemly. Oh, my beloved Charlotte Ottilia Isabella, consider your mother's feelings and the frightful responsibilities of her position."

Then, seeing that they were really shocked at her, the Princess did her best to compose herself. She curtsied when her father told her that she was the most fortunate of maidens; she kissed her mother's hand and begged her pardon for her ill-timed levity. She never dreamed for an instant of disputing her parents' decision; and so the scowls that had gathered on the Margravial brows became speedily dispersed.

"The child is very nervous," said the Margravine, and bent and kissed her on the forehead. "She has inherited my temperament."

"Na, she is young," said the Margrave, "but marriage will soon sober her! You will have to leave this schoolgirl tittering behind you, Lotte." And he tapped her on the head with two hard, dry fingers. And so she was dismissed.

She laughed at intervals in little gusts all day at the thought of her regal suitor, and had a very merry hour narrating the event and describing the portrait to Toggenburg. But Toggenburg had been well drilled, and assured Her Highness that the fate before her was more brilliant than words could describe.

The next morning she awoke at peep of day. She had not allowed her curtains to be drawn the previous night, that she might see, she said, the dear trees the first thing upon opening her eyes. And so, like a bird, she was astir with the sun. Delighted, she sprang out of bed, pattered across the polished floor with little bare feet and opened the casement. Very beautiful her forest looked, yet strange, almost uncanny in this curious new light, with wreaths of mysterious vapor hanging about the dark pines, pierced here and there by long, level rays. There was a singular stir abroad, as if the great woods, too, were just aroused and stretching themselves. Pearly drops hung on the pine needles, birds called to each other, and flew hither and thither with dew-wet wings.

The Princess leant her elbows on the window-sill and gazed out as if on an enchanted world. She drew in the morning air with long breaths. Somehow, she did not know why, her heart felt strangely soft within her, and she thought again of the vision Prince she had seen in her fancy yesterday. It was a grave little face, propped upon two white hands, that looked out and saw the morning glory gather.

Presently the sound of footsteps beneath diverted her attention, and, looking down, she saw a smart young Jäger come swaggering around the corner. She knew the man; he was one of her father's attendants at the hunts here, but she had never noticed before what a dapper fellow he was, how young and well-strung was his sinewy form, nor how close and neatly the green livery fitted it. He glanced neither to the right nor to the left, but hurried to the violet bed under her window and, stooping, began to search for flowers.

The little Princess was quite excited; she forgot all about Princes, dream or otherwise. Leaning forward she gazed down at the thief.

"He has no business," she thought, "to gather the violets!" It was delightful to see somebody doing something against rules.

But presently the scene assumed a new interest, a palpitating interest to the watcher. A straight figure emerged from the forest borders and walked with unerring step to the very spot beneath her, where the industrious picker was still working away as if for dear life; it seemed the violets were getting scarce. By the erect carriage, the superbly held yellow head, the red petticoat and the white kerchief, the little Princess easily recognized her new housemaid. The very smile of the dawn seemed to be upon her rosy countenance. At the sound of her footsteps the man looked up.

"My Liserl," he said, and opened his arms. She flew into them and they held each other close embraced. As the little Princess looked on, her heart beat very strangely and her breath came thick and fast. She saw the man kiss the woman's cheek and then her lips. And then, with arms entwined and heads together, she watched them stroll away.

She drew back from the window and gave a sharp, gasping sigh, as if a strong sea wave had just broken over her.

"That is der Josef," she said to herself decidedly, and slipped back to bed. She shivered a little as she pulled the blue silk mountains over her.

After a while the sturdy forest woman crept in to light the fire, but seeing the Princess' bright eyes fixed upon her from the bed, she dipped and wished her heartily, "Good-morning."

"Good-morning," said the Princess. "Have you got your violets?"

The woman blushed again in the same curious way as yesterday, and up went her hand to the folds of her kerchief.

"Does he gather them for you every morning?" said the little Princess curiously.

The woman sidled toward the bed.

"See you now, Miss Princesschen," she said, "it is like this: when I and the Josef are together there is no need of the few flowers between us; but since Your Highnesses have come to the castle and Josef has to be about the Lord Margrave and has to sleep in the stables, and I am about my work in the chambers all day, it seems good that I should carry these little things about me over my heart. It keeps me warm-like and drives away the loneliness. And at night, you see, Fraulein Princess, I put them under my pillow and I dream that Josef is beside me."

"Oh, so!" said the little Princess, who did not understand at all. "And what is Josef, then, to you?"

"Ei! Gott!" cried the woman, opening her blue eyes wide in amazement—she thought every one in the world must know. "Josef is ja my man."

"Oh!" said the little Princess again. She had seen a few husbands and wives in her life, beginning with her father and mother, but they had not been of this description.

"You see," went on the woman, "when Josef gives me the flowers, I give him a kiss for every one; he says that keeps his heart warm till we meet next morning. Fraulein Princesschen does not think there is any harm over the few violets?" added she deprecatingly. "I always start half an hour earlier from home that I may have these minutes with Josef. It is our only meeting in the whole day!"

The little Princess was not heeding her; her mind was grappling with new and startling problems. She sat up in bed, her cheeks flaming.

"I saw you this morning," she said, "and how you went on. Things like that I never beheld in all my life before. What do you do it for?"

"Eh?" said the woman, her jaw dropping in amazement.

"What do you do it for?" repeated the little Princess sharply. "You know what I mean—the kissing, and the way you look when you speak of him, and the flowers and all the rest of it. What does it mean?"

"The Lord love you and preserve you for an innocent, Miss Princess," said the woman; "why, that we *love* each other."

"Love?" echoed the little Princess. She had heard about love, of course; children were supposed to love their parents and were told to love God and that God loved them, and she loved her little spaniel dog and she loved the woods. What a great many different kinds of love there seemed to be!

"Josef and I," said the peasant, the light coming back into her eyes and the smile and the blush to her face, "we loved each other always. Neighbors we were, Miss Highness, and playfellows and schoolmates; and two years agone we got wed, because we loved each other so dearly. Such marriages as ours, the Father Pastor said, are made in Heaven. And there is the sweetest childkin at home Your Highness ever saw. Does Your Highness like babies?"

"Your marriage was made in Heaven," repeated the little Princess dreamily. Then she suddenly burst out laughing. "My marriage is made by His Highness, my papa, and the Ministry," she said. "Only just think, I am to marry and be a reigning Princess! I have seen the picture of my husband; he has a face like the old ox—the father ox, you know, with the big pink face—only he has a nice curled white wig. Can you fancy," said the little Princess, shaking all over with laughter, "can you fancy the old ox in a white wig?"

"Ach! Herrje!" cried the woman and clapped her hands, "what is the child saying? God preserve us! You cannot be going to marry a gentleman with a face like an ox!"

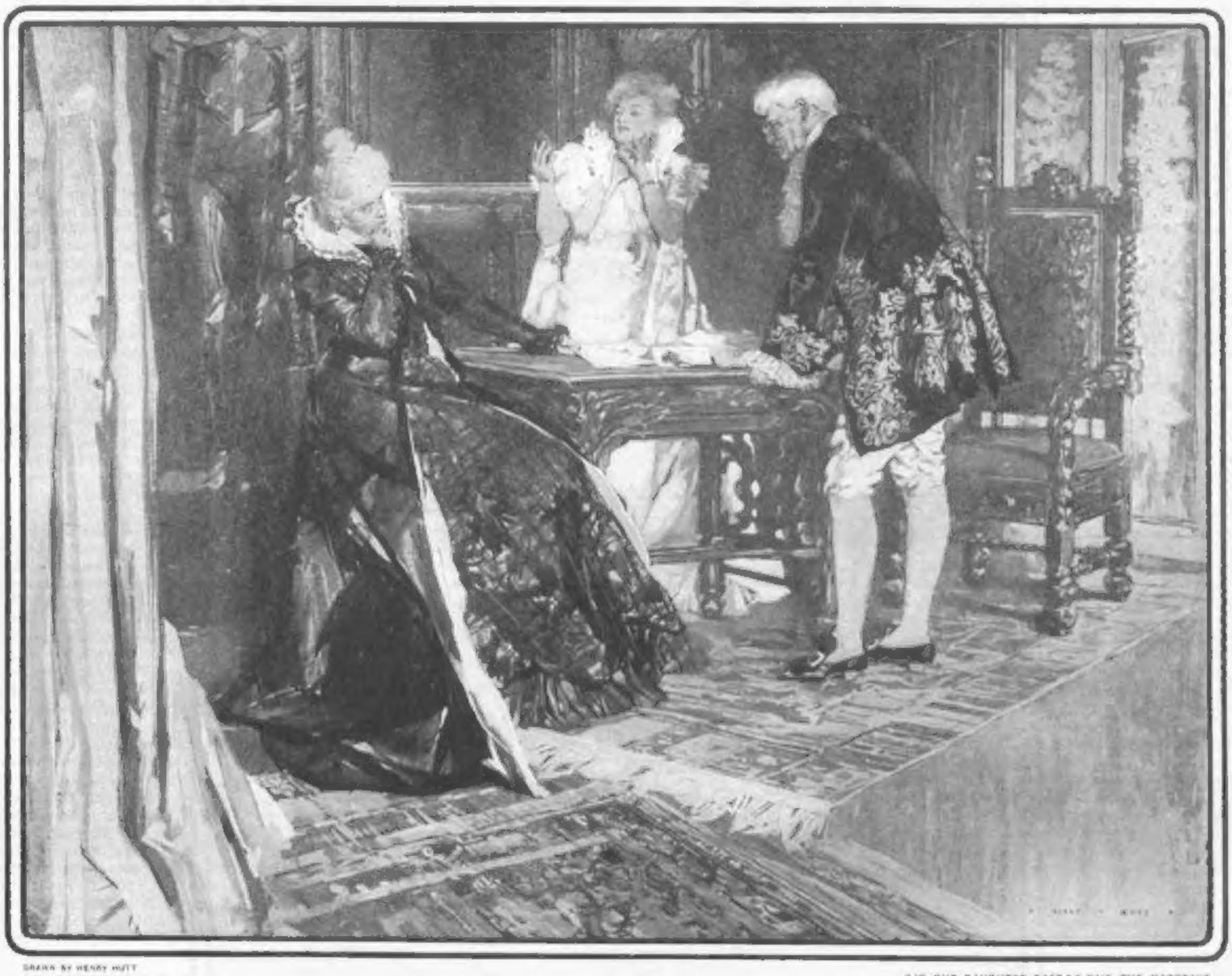
"But I am," said Charlotte Ottilia Isabella, importantly nodding her head. "He is one of the richest Princes in the Empire—he is the Duke of Lausitz. He has already had one wife, and he is not very young, and I have never seen him. But my mother says I am extremely fortunate."

The peasant woman was nearly in tears. "Fraulein Princesschen, this is something dreadful! It cannot be possible. Why, how could you love a gentleman like that, were he twenty times the Emperor himself!"

"Oh, love!" said the little Princess again and stopped laughing. "You see I have not been told about that."

The wife of Josef stepped quite close up to the bed.

"Your Highness," she said solemnly, "I am only a poor peasant woman, but I have been taught my religion, and I



DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

"IS OUR DAUGHTER DAFT?" SAID THE MARGRAVE

know it is God's law that a man must love a maid and a maid must love a man before all things if they wish to wed each other; otherwise it is a great sin."

"Oh!" said the little Princess, and fell back in her bed.

There was silence for a while, the peasant woman stood gazing with pitiful eyes at the childish face and the tossed curls on the pillow. Presently the Princess said faintly:

"You had better light my fire." And there was no more conversation that morning.

In the evening when the Princess was with her mother and the ladies of the Court after supper, she remarked casually that she would prefer not to espouse the Duke of Lusatia.

"Heavens! what is this?" cried the Margravine.

"That is, of course," said the little Princess, with her pretty curtsy, "subject to your and my father's pleasure."

"But why?" gasped the exalted mother, too genuinely surprised for the moment to find room for any other feeling.

"Oh, it is very simple," said Charlotte Ottilia Isabella candidly. "You see, I do not love him, and you know it is God's law that a man must love a maid and a maid must love a man above all things if they wish to wed each other; otherwise it is a great sin."

If the faded blue skies and the swollen cupids on the painted ceilings above them had suddenly launched forth fire and thunderbolts the poor Margravine could scarcely have been more perturbed.

"Heavens!" she ejaculated, "I never heard such wicked nonsense in my life. Fraulein von Toggenburg, with whom can the Princess have been speaking? To-morrow, child, the High Chancellor is expected, and your betrothal will be announced."

The little Princess was genuinely concerned and rather ashamed of herself. She went to bed in quite melancholy spirits. She did not wake till the entrance of Lise next morning; but she woke with a smile, for she had been looking forward to this moment. She had hoped, indeed, to have been at the window in time to view a repetition of the palpitating scene of yesterday.

"Have you met your Josef?" she asked, rubbing her eyes and blinking at the kneeling figure that had its back turned toward her. To her surprise the woman did not answer. The little Princess repeated her question and was alarmed to see the broad shoulders heave.

"Lise," she said, "what hast thou?"

Lise sprang to her feet and turned a besmeared and swollen visage toward her.

"Ach! Miss Princess," she cried, then flung her apron over her head and sobbed out loud.

"Mercy on us!" said the little Princess; she did not like to see people cry. "What is the matter?"

Down went the apron.

"Oh, I think my heart is broken. Oh, oh, oh!"

"Oh, dear!" said the little Princess. A broken heart sounded very serious.

"Josef was up home this morning before daybreak," the woman went on between convulsive sobs, "and he says—he says—His Highness is so pleased with his service that he has given orders that he is to accompany him back to the town as one of his private servants. Oh, what shall I do?"

"But, you silly woman," said the Princess, "that is very good news."

"Ah! Miss Princesschen, good news to be separated from my Josef for eleven months!" Then as if struck by a sudden flash of hope—"If Your Highness would speak, would intercede? There is the post of under-ranger, which has been vacant these six months. Josef is so knowing about the woods. A word from Your Highness——"

She came quite close to the bed and laid her work-worn, roughened hand upon the little Princess' belaced sleeve and looked into her chubby face with great, straining eyes.

"If I am going to be a reigning Highness," thought Charlotte Ottilia Isabella, "the least I can expect is to have my will done. Do not cry, but go home now; you are not fit for work," she said aloud and placed her delicate hand over the woman's. "I shall see that you get what you want."

Then the little Princess arose in a great hurry. She could hardly wait, indeed, to have her morning chocolate and accomplish her toilet; she was sadly indifferent to decorum, in spite of her excellent up-bringing. She sent, before her hair was powdered, to demand an audience of her father.

This unprecedented request threw the Margrave into a fine fuss. He had heard from the Margravine of the Princess' remarkable conduct of the night before and anticipated nothing less than set resistance to his cherished desires. He gave orders that his daughter should be admitted immediately—although he himself was yet in his nightcap and dressing-gown—and prepared to receive her with all the thunders of parental authority.

She tripped into the room, however, with the most cheerful countenance in the world, dropped him a magnificent curtsy, and said:

"The Duchess of Lusatia has a petition to make."

The Margrave was so relieved that he would have given her anything she asked on the spot. He pinched the little Princess' cheek and vowed she was a rogue; she clapped her hands, radiant with joy.

Back again in her room, laughing out loud to herself, she rushed to the window to share her happiness with her beloved forest. It was raining hard from a dull gray sky, and the raindrops went patter, patter, patter upon every side. The trees looked as if they liked it and the little Princess thought it had a pleasant sound.

"We have done a good stroke of business," she said, nodding at the pines; "you shall keep der Josef and your Liserl will not have to weep."

The pine tops swayed and nodded back at her.

"They are quite glad," thought Charlotte Ottilia Isabella.

Suddenly across the clearing between the forest and the castle she saw the figure of the new ranger pass like a flash.

"He has gone home," she thought, and was seized with an intense desire to be witness of his joyful meeting with his wife. She flung a lace shawl over her untidy head and without other preparation slipped out of the castle and into the rain, in her lace and beribboned morning frock and her little yellow satin slippers.

"They can't scold me now," she told herself, smiling, "that I am going to be a Queen."

Down the slippery path she went, still smiling, delighted with the falling rain and the wet smell of the leaves and the charming sense of mischief and freedom. Soon a white-washed cottage glimmered before her. She skipped across the wet moss and peeped in at the low window.

"Is this the place?" she wondered.

Sure enough, for that was Liserl's unmistakable yellow head, and there was Liserl sitting in a chair and at her feet knelt the dapper Josef. His arms were around her waist, her hands were on his shoulders; they were looking into each other's eyes. Farther off stood old white-capped Gretel, her wrinkled face all rapture, holding a chubby baby that waved its little hands and feet, and seemed to be crowing and dancing in unison with the general jubilee. In another second Liserl's head sank forward upon Josef's shoulder and the little Princess turned away.

"I don't think I will look at them any more," she said. She turned to make her way home, but her steps were very slow and her face was thoughtful. It had been a very little room she had looked into, but it had held a great joy.

"After all," said the Princess to herself, "it is something to be a reigning Princess; one can always do good!" Then all at once she began to run, stumbling over the rough ground. The mud sucked off one of her yellow slippers, but she would not stop to put it on again; she wanted to get back to her own room as quickly as ever she could, and she did not want any one to see her. For as she went the little Princess was crying.

. . . . . .

The wood-ranger's wife found the yellow slipper in the mud and recognized it at once by its color and smallness. She lifted it tenderly, cleaned it with her apron and swore that she never would part with it. And thus it remained in the family and was a cherished heirloom long after its owner had ceased to laugh—or to weep.

. . . . . .

It is no doubt (even now, as we write) throwing a gleam of faded color from under its glass case in a corner of a dark, low-ceiled room of the chief forester's house, near Tannenfels. It was there that we saw it on a certain day, some years ago, having taken refuge under its hospitable roof during a thunderstorm. We wondered at it, of course, and mused long over it. And finally, from the vaguely alluring mist of the past, we elucidated the only plausible account of its preservation, in all its *rococo* quaintness, deep among the woods, among the household gods of large-footed forest folk.

The further story of the little Princess who, having been sold in marriage for convenience of State, was so little like ever to know love herself, seemed to us one that ought to be followed up. We found, however, little about poor Charlotte Ottilia Isabella (alas, no longer Princesse *Rit-Toujours* when she had become Duchess of Lusatia) beyond the fact that, of the wicked union of that laughing child-wife with the mature reigning Prince, there was but one offspring: Marie-Ottilie. From her mother the heiress of Lusatia took her grace and high spirits, and valiant, sunny heart; from her father, happily, nought but her life and her name.

Of Marie-Ottilie, the young Princess of Lusatia, on the other hand, fuller records were discovered, as a result of deep and sympathetic research. Among other things it was ascertained quite clearly, even at this great distance of time, that one of her innermost thoughts as she grew to womanhood was a firm resolve, God willing, never to be disposed of as her mother had been for State purposes; a determination, if on her path she found love, true and loyal, not to let it be brushed aside by royal parchment and rule of etiquette or hereditary prejudice. How she fared when the hour and the man had come (as they were bound to come) is already known to the readers of a certain romance of ours. And it may interest the latter to hear that in this unpretending tale of a yellow slipper lurked the *idée mère* of The Pride of Jennico, even as the little laughing Princess of Ansbach was destined to give birth to the brave, witty and bright-souled Marie-Ottilie of Lausitz.

DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

"WHAT DO YOU DO IT FOR?" REPEATED THE LITTLE PRINCESS SHARPLY

The Making of a Railroad Man
The Chances for Office Men
By Charles S. Lee
General Passenger Agent Lehigh Valley Railroad

MOST persons think that about the easiest job to secure is a railroad clerkship. If a man can't do anything else successfully in the world he turns to a railroad office. If a father or a guardian has a boy who has made a failure, even of a commercial college, he tries to fix the youth in a railroad department. But all these people are very far from right. One of the hardest places I know of to get a start in is a railroad office. I shall tell you about that in detail, later. A large number of railroad clerks are the sons or relatives of railroad men, and they usually seek the department toward which their bents of mind lead them. Some young men are mechanical in tastes, some have tendencies toward electrical work, some want to be bookkeepers, and others are active, restless, hustling, ambitious—ready to take a try at the biggest, liveliest kind of business in the world. There is a place for them all in the railroad office. It is so varied in its work and so broad in its field that it has room for almost every kind of a man imaginable except the average man who knocks at its door for a job.

There is no room in a railroad office, however, for a shirk, an incompetent, the man who works for money, or the man who counts his hours. Such a man may find foothold, and frequently does, but he seldom retains it. I know of few places where a man will find his level quicker than in a railroad office. Of late years the growth of the business has been so enormous that it has led to specialization among its employees. The field covers so much territory that one man cannot get over it all, as used to be the case; so he only takes a part of it.

Specialization exists as much among clerks as other classes of railroad men, such as brakemen, firemen and telegraphers. The mechanical man naturally gets work in the departments of the superintendent of motive power. Here he studies engines and their manufacture, cars and coaches, rails and switches. He figures on the "strength of materials" and studies to avoid the "perversity of inanimate things." He learns all about the hauling power of a certain quantity of coal and a given amount of steam over known grades with a specified weight in cars and contents. That involves a practical knowledge of mechanics.

When it comes to the adoption or rejection of new devices in machinery it is the trained clerk in the department who does the figuring for the chief of that branch. On our road we have had men begin in the shops as apprentices to fit themselves for these clerkships.

The Chances in the Various Departments

The man with a liking for electricity generally goes into the transportation department or the office of the superintendent of telegraphy. In one he has practical experience with the key and sounder, and in the other he deals with the higher branches of the science, construction and maintenance of lines, new methods of transmission of light, heat and power. In the office of the superintendent of the road the clerk attends to the details of the movement of trains, among other things. The present appliances for block signaling require sufficient study to make that branch of work a special training in itself.

In the general passenger agent's department there are several divisions. The rate department looks after the division of business between the road and its auxiliaries. The ticket department attends to the issuing, handling or charging up of the tickets. Then there is the advertising department, which places the advantages of travel over the line attractively before the public; and, besides this, there are the soliciting department, which is engineered from the main office but is conducted chiefly in the field, and the baggage department, which attends to the handling and tracing of baggage.

More clerks are employed in the accounting department than in any other division. Here the railroad bookkeeping is done. The comptroller has a large clerical staff to check up the accounts from all the other departments, and the treasurer has a corps of aids equally numerous, who receive, pay out and keep track of the money that comes in.

The freight department employs a great army of clerks, and is organized on the same general lines as the passenger and other departments. The station agent at small places is often the passenger, freight, operating and dispatching clerk combined in one man, jointly paid and severally controlled by these departments. Such a man is accountable to almost every officer of the road, but, naturally enough, when it is possible to concentrate so much responsibility in one man, the work is not hard and the duties are largely routine. In all the larger cities the departments have their own representatives working under the immediate supervision of the division heads. Take Buffalo, for example. I have a division passenger agent and a local passenger agent. There are division and local freight agents, a local dispatcher, train master, station master, and so on.

The Average Line of Pay and Promotion

So much for the specialization. Now let me say a word about the routine of office work, the grades of pay and the chances for promotion. All offices depend almost wholly upon their clerks. Of course the head of the department is responsible. Directly under the head of the department comes the assistant, or if there is no such officer, the chief clerk. All matters of office work pass through his hands before going to the head. He is the clearing-house association for the other office divisions. Take the passenger department for a general illustration. I have a chief clerk who is, under me, the head of my office. To him come the reports of the heads of the rate and ticket bureaus. The general advertising agent and the general baggage agent report direct to me. All other reports reach me through the chief clerk. I do not mean that I am only to be reached through the chief clerk. I refer to the routine office business, that necessary drudgery that makes up so large a part of every railroad man's life. The clerks are all graded, and each grade receives pay according to the value of its services.

The pay of clerks varies according to the road and the city that the clerk works in. Larger salaries are paid in New York, as a rule, than anywhere else, but there are a dozen applicants for each vacancy where there is one in any other town. The expenses of living are greater in the metropolis. Messenger boys get from fifteen dollars a month up to twenty-five dollars. Clerks get from forty to one hundred dollars a month. Chief clerks receive all the way from one hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars. I know of one chief clerk in New York who holds a unique position in railroad circles, and I have been told that he gets $10,000 a year, but he is the exception, and the only exception I know of. Station agents get from twenty-five to two hundred and fifty dollars. That is about the range throughout the country, New York included. Pay is about twenty per cent. higher in New York than in Philadelphia, and about twenty-five per cent. more than in interior towns. The hours of work are the same as in other lines of business.

Promotion for a railroad clerk depends more on the man than anything else. In most offices civil service rules obtain. In my own department I never go outside the office to fill a vacancy if I can help it. If I am forced to, I try the other offices of the road, and, if they cannot supply the man I want, I look around for one who has had railroad experience. Possibly his name may be on my waiting list. Perhaps he may be suggested to me by one of my men and he may be working elsewhere. In that case I write to his employer, telling him what I am willing to pay for his services and asking whether he objects to my offering the place to him. If he does not object, I make my offer. If this fails I sometimes advertise for a man. I did that not long ago and received a bushel of letters. Some were written on paper from the Holland House and Waldorf-Astoria. Two or three reputable clubs furnished applicants, but the man who got the job came from the Mills Hotel, where the living expenses are less than three dollars a week. If I fill a vacancy by promotion or create a new place, I recruit my office staff by hiring a new office boy and make promotions all along the line wherever it is practicable.

The Requisites for Success and Promotion

Many clerks never advance much above their original positions. They are the kind of men who work in railroad offices merely to draw their pay. They would work as readily in any commercial office. They have no love for their business, no ambition, and yet they wonder why new men are promoted over their heads, and lay it to prejudice, injustice and discrimination. I know some clerks who figure this way:

"I've got to be down at the office at nine. I go to lunch at twelve. I get back at one and leave at five. Between hours I can probably get out in the hall for half an hour to read the paper and smoke a cigarette."

And yet this is the very man who will sit down in the evening over a smoke and tell you how the railroad business ought to be run; give you some ideas of his own that ignorance on the part of the chief clerk or head of the department has prevented from being adopted, and will inform you seriously that he has been kept down by jealousy from drawing twice as much pay as he gets.

There are certain essentials that all clerks must possess if they wish to hold their jobs for any length of time. But many men overrate these necessary things. For instance, a clerk must be accurate in his figures, grammatical in his expressions, neat and plain in his handwriting and respectful to his superiors. He must obey orders and do the work that is set before him. These are as requisite as the wearing of clothes, but no more so. I know some men who have been clerks for twenty years. They have had all these essentials and have them still. Their manners are perfection, their obedience is beautiful, their handwriting copper-plate and their neatness like unto a Holland housewife's; but they are clerks to-day even as they were when they began. Their trouble was that they stopped at the essentials, which are only the beginning of a man's career.

The clerk who advances is one who works for his office, his chief, his road, as well as for himself. He studies the work of the man directly in his own way of promotion. He not only does all that he is called on to do, but finds tasks that are outside the routine of his desk. He makes suggestions. He has ideas. He doesn't find ideas by dreaming, gossiping or talking with other clerks when he ought to be at his work, but by studying and by close observation. There is not a clerical place that I know of that does not offer an ambitious, studious, observant man an opportunity for impressing himself so strongly on the management that promotion must come to him. Sometimes it may be slow in his own office, but if he is alert and wide-awake, he can find his chance in some other office. There have been cases in railroads following strict civil service rules when capable men have been kept back for years until vacancies in higher positions have occurred. But these men could easily have found better pay on other roads had they cared to make the change.

Room for New Ideas in the Business

The interests of a railroad are so vast and varied that almost any practical suggestion finds a place in some department. A clerk in the cashier's office may have an idea for increasing speed on engines, a man in the motive power department may devise a new plan of soliciting passenger business, a man in my office may work out a plan for simplifying the keeping of freight accounts. There is room for all these ideas, and the man who makes them is the man who rises, and, if he does not neglect the essentials of his daily work while figuring out these problems, he cannot be kept down.

Most men imagine, if they give the matter any thought at all, that a railroad clerk is hired solely to take care of the line of work he is set to do. If that were the case there would be no such thing as promotion. A man would have to begin as general superintendent, general freight agent, and superintendent of motive power. But this is not the case. All of these higher places are filled by promotion. There is not a general officer of a railroad in this country who has not served some sort of an apprenticeship in the service.

Railroads are run, primarily, to make money. To make money the public must be served fairly and honestly and as generously as circumstances permit. Railroads cannot exist without business, and the two sources of business are passenger and freight traffic. This business must be solicited in a large measure. The clerk who plans successfully to aid this canvas may make himself an important factor in the management of the road. Let me give you an illustration of the kind of work that is useful in the passenger service. Not long ago the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company sent to its passenger and ticket agents throughout the country a circular concerning the proper reading of newspapers for business. In substance it was as follows:

"Watch the local columns of the newspapers. When you see items like these:

"'Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of San Francisco, are visiting the Jones' on Riverside Drive.'

"'Mr. Wilson, who has been very ill with pneumonia, is convalescent.'

"'The marriage of Mr. Miller and Miss Brown on the twenty-fifth promises to be one of the social events of the season.'

"I want you to clip these articles or to take note of them, and at the first opportunity call upon Mr. and Mrs. Smith and explain to them the merits of this line on the return trip to their home; they will in nearly every instance be glad of the information, and appreciate your courtesy and enterprise, with the result that business will be secured.

"Before calling upon Mr. Wilson you could ascertain, probably without much trouble, just what place and climate would be most suitable for his convalescence, as it would be folly to urge him to take a long-distance trip when he could not afford to go beyond one hundred miles. By studying customers in this way business is increased. Those who travel for pleasure or for health are generally glad to be advised and helped in this way, and it is wise policy to do so.

"In the case of the bride and groom—this is the one period in life, of all others, when cost is not counted, so that you may feel secure in suggesting all the luxuries as well as comforts obtainable if the wedding journey is made over the road.

"These points seem small in themselves, but if once tried you will be astonished at the results obtained."

Keeping the Next Step Up Well Cleared

This will give you an idea of the chance for advancement in a railroad office for a quick-witted, industrious man, who has ambitions and ideas that extend beyond the walls of his own particular office. The railroad business is essentially one in which ideas count, and practical suggestions turn quickly into money. My advice to clerks is to use their brains as well as their hands, study the road and its interests, avoid office politics, and be

Editor's Note—This series, of which this paper is the sixth, began in the Post of January 6. Other articles will follow in early numbers.

loyal to the head of the department. The chief trusts his employees. He has to do so. If he did not he could not do business. This confidence must be reciprocal if good results are to follow. The clerk who is sure to go up must do his own work as well as it can possibly be done and at the same time be prepared to do the work of the man who is a step higher up. He must get right down to "brass tacks." He must have a purpose in his work. He must not count hours. The day should be too short for him—not too long. Not long ago an applicant for a stenographer's place called on me. After he had told me his name and experience he said:

"What are the hours?"

"I guess I don't want you at all," was my answer.

Another thing to be remembered is the cultivation of tact, patience and affability. A clerk should treat every one courteously, from the president down to the office boy. He should also always be polite to visitors. No matter who the caller may be, or how foolish his inquiry, the clerk should answer it fully, satisfactorily and politely. Then again, let me advise all clerks not to imagine that they know it all. I began as an office boy in a railroad office in Cleveland twenty-nine years ago. I have served as clerk in passenger and freight departments, in the accounting and treasurer's offices, under the general officers and the superintendent, and I know whereof I write. Don't know it all. You can't do it. I learn things every day, and so does every other railroad official who studies his calling conscientiously.

As to habits. The same rules obtain as in all other lines of work. The man who cannot control himself can never control others. A drinking man, a gambler and a man who does not know how to take care of his money and is always in debt is as sure to fail as he is to live.

The Advantages of Experience and Education

This brings me up to the chances for entering a railroad office as a clerk. It is difficult, unless an applicant is recommended by some one the head of the department knows, or has some peculiar fitness for the work. The best advice I give is to be on hand when a vacancy occurs. Every officer in New York City is loaded up with applications for clerkships. Every office is overrun with applicants who call in person to present their claims for employment. And there are five hundred applications for every vacancy. A man of twenty-five or thereabouts with no experience in railroading might walk the streets of New York until he wore his boot soles through looking for a job and not find it. If, on the other hand, he has had experience in some other town and can bring acceptable references he might secure work without trouble. It all depends upon circumstances. Sometimes clerks are taken from brakemen, firemen, conductors and mechanics, if the men have sufficient education and adaptability. Of course the better education a man has the better off he is. A college man stands a better chance than a common-school graduate, everything else considered. The man who has been through a college of technical training such as Sheffield, Stevens, Troy or Pratt and understands mechanics has fitted himself for one kind of railroad work to begin with. A thorough knowledge of telegraphy, stenography or typewriting are useful and may aid a man in getting a place. The man who is neat in his appearance and gentlemanly in his address is more favorably received than the sloven or the boor. I have known clerks to ruin their future altogether by inattention to their dress and by impatience and gruffness in manner.

The Man that Can't Be Held Back

I cannot tell you precisely what kind of a man can find an opening, because that depends so largely upon circumstances over which the head of an office has no control, but I will tell you about one man who got his chance through me several years ago. It will serve as an illustration.

"I am twenty-two years old," he said. "I have been through college and I want to be a railroad man. I can work at almost anything. I am willing to work from morning until midnight until I have finished my task. I don't care what you pay me or what you set me to do. All I want is a chance, and if I can't do the work satisfactorily you can let me go. I am ready to begin to-day."

Now I did not have anything in my office, but I went into every department and I said to the heads: "Do you want an A No. 1 man, who is willing to do anything and do it well? If you do, I've got a man for you."

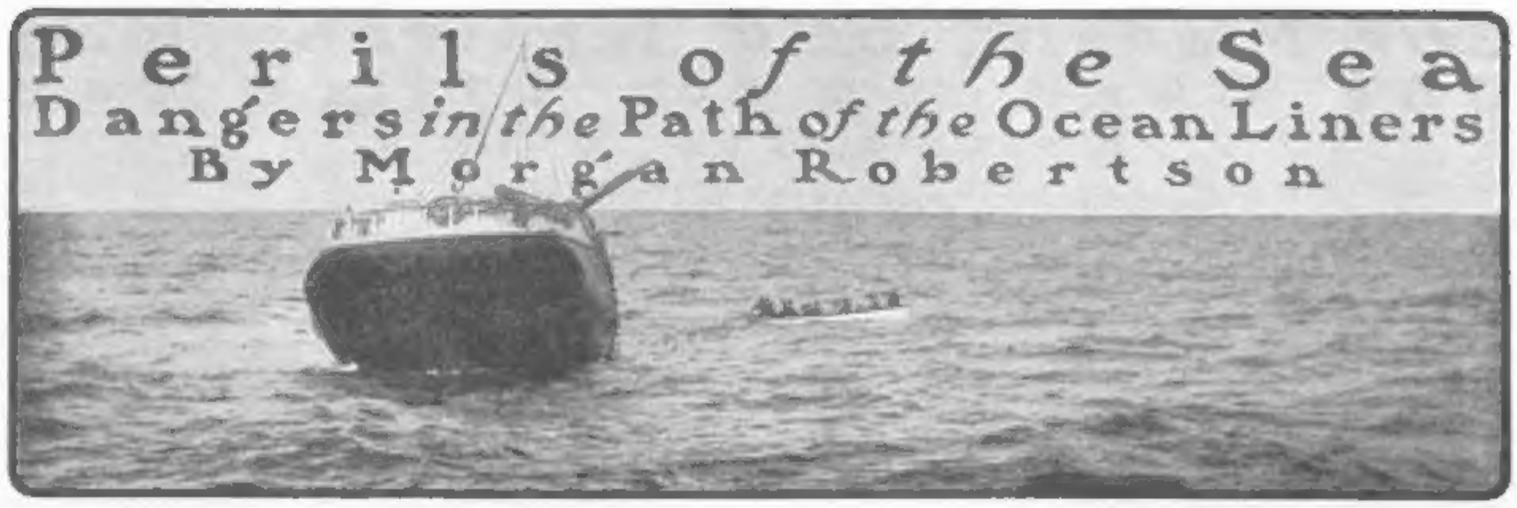
There was no vacancy then, but the next week that young man began work.

Du Maurier's Legacy to His Sons

IT WILL be remembered that the well-loved George du Maurier turned to writing toward the end of a life which had been busy with something else—drawing. It is curious to find that his sons have already begun to show something of this versatility. A short play in one act was lately produced in London "by Guy du Maurier and S. O. N. Frere." This is Captain du Maurier and, under the very thin disguise of the last name, *son frère*, his younger brother, Gerald. It is understood that this is only a beginning, and that the brothers intend to do more important dramatic work.

But this is in addition to the occupations they already pursue. The elder brother is in the British Army and Mr. Gerald du Maurier is one of the most promising of the younger school of London actors. He has a ready gift of humor, and in private life can give impersonations of the leading actors of the world which would compare favorably with those which Miss Cissie Loftus gives in public of its leading actresses. It is too early to know how much of the talent of the author of Trilby has descended to his sons, but even a very little might be enough to charm the public, which still finds magic in the name Du Maurier.

Perils of the Sea
Dangers in the Path of the Ocean Liners
By Morgan Robertson



SOME one has said that when sailors cease to swear it is time for passengers to pray. In general, this may be so; yet there are happenings at sea, dangerous to the mind of the passenger, that do not in the least trouble the sailor. A shipwreck, a ride through surf in an open boat, a capsizal, wetting and scrambling half dead to a rocky beach is a terrible experience to a landsman, but Jack and his masters would make light of it. A famous novelist (and landsman) recently met with such an adventure, and wrote it up with all the power of his pen backed by the deep impression it had made on his sensitive mind. In the book On Many Seas, the sailor-author treats of the same experience, and his humorous handling of the subject, compared with the strained intensity of the other, is more than laughable, and is appreciated best by first reading the powerful word-painting of the landsman.

Jack has perils of his own. A boy was once warned against the calling by an aged sailorman, who, on being asked to define the greatest danger of the sea, solemnly closed a wrinkled eyelid and said, "The mate's brass-knuckles." He was a crippled, disfigured and broken-down "packet-rat," and spoke from the fullness of his rough experience in the packet-ships that foreran steam craft in the Atlantic passenger trade; the boy was the writer. Later in life, imbued with the ethics of the forecastle, he understood the viewpoint of the old packet sailor, understood how small and trivial the risking of his life may appear to the forehand when compared with the stinging rebuke and sarcasm of his shipmates, and the prompt and brutal punishment inflicted by the officers in case he shirks a dangerous duty; for it requires more courage for a sailor to refuse taking his life in his hands at the behest of a mate—often needless—than would carry him through the danger; and so, in time, he ceases to regard this danger as vital to his value or place in the world, consoling himself with the aphorism, "A man can die but once," and often supplementing it with a personal clause, "The sooner the better."

It is to the educated officer and passenger that danger presents itself in a defined and avoidable shape; and theirs is the only standpoint from which the subject may be approached.

The perils of the sea can be classed, broadly, under two headings: those arising from storm in its many aspects, and those due to obstructed vision—fog, darkness and snow. Fire, collisions with other craft, ice and derelicts, and strandings consequent on carelessness, might be considered as a third class, and dangers against which no vigilance or efficiency may prevail, such as tidal waves, waterspouts, spontaneous combustion, leakage of a rotten ship, and striking of uncharted sunken reefs could also be classed by themselves; but these, in their developed results, are so closely allied to the others that they may all be treated together.

Fighting Fire on the High Seas

Though not a common one, fire at sea is the most terrible of the happenings that can mar a voyage. A smell of smoke is noticed and a search for the cause begun. If not in the cabin or the forward-house, hatches are opened. Visible smoke arises, thicker as the air descends and fans the hidden and smouldering flame. Men, holding their breath, spring down and hunt for the fire—speculating wildly—until driven back. Hose is rigged and water poured tentatively over the cargo, to locate, if possible, by the thickening of the smoke, its situation. But the smoke is too black and too hot. Hatches are hastily closed and battened air-tight. Holes—as many as there are separate deck pumps—are cut in the deck over the presumed position of the fire, hose is inserted, well wrapped and the wrappings jammed into the holes to exclude the air, and the cargo is deluged; for no commander will hesitate to ruin a cargo to save his ship and her human freight. If the fire is conquered, and the vessel, with a charred and ill-smelling mess in her hold, reaches port, that ship is lucky. But the chances, with an inflammable cargo in a wooden hull, are against it.

Exploding lanterns in the hold or 'tween-decks, bursting of boilers in steam craft and scattering of the furnace coals, the carrying away of the galley stove lashings in a gale and the spontaneous combustion of damp cotton or oil-soaked, non-conducting, organic material in the cargo, are the usual causes—fortunately rare—of fire at sea.

A very common peril of the sea is collision. Errors in judgment or the absence of lights and signals on either side may bring your craft into smashing contact with another. If your ship is the aggressor, grapple your victim, and, if a steam craft, keep your engines going ahead at full speed, keep your bow in the gaping wound you have made until the last man has climbed over your rail—and if your own ship is the wounded one, climb yourself. Aside from the case of compartment steamers, there is little hope for the vessel that is rammed by another at full speed, though the bow of the assailant will often escape serious damage.

Or, instead of another craft, an iceberg may loom out of the fog to leeward, and you brace sharp on the wind only to find that the berg, impelled by a submarine current, is driving to windward faster than you can tack. Frantically you clap on sail and brace sharper. The white monster draws near; then there is a turmoil of choppy sea over your lee rail, a snapping of yardarms and gear above, a descent upon your deck of riven wood and tons of ice, a smashing and scraping as your ship is pounded along, then a hurried clearing away and manning of boats, and an almost hopeless struggle to windward—for what? Escape from the cold enemy and ultimate rescue, or death by starvation?

Uncharted rocks in mid-ocean occasionally come to light, and fortunate is the ship that finds them by sight instead of feeling. Captain L. Lloyd, of the English ship Compton, reports seeing early in May, 1896, a rock sixty feet long, eight or ten feet wide, awash at the ends and about eight feet high at the middle, unknown and unmarked on any chart ever issued. He says that he found this menace in latitude forty-seven degrees north and longitude thirty-seven degrees twenty minutes west, a position squarely on the Southern Lane Route of transatlantic travel, with the nearest land, one of the Azores group, fully five hundred miles to the southeast. If this report is true, and submarine navigation is to be perfected, how many Naronics may be found scattered around its base? Captain Lloyd claims that he saw it near by, at 7:40 o'clock in the morning of a clear day, under conditions which preclude all presumption of its being a derelict, and was so sure of its character that he did not lower a boat to examine it closer.

The Crazy Cruise of the Derelict

A danger to navigation that has of late years received specific attention from governments is the large number of water-logged hulks abandoned by their crews to drift aimlessly until broken up by a gale or destroyed by cruisers. The number—subtracted from and added to by each heavy gale—varies during winter months in the North Atlantic alone from twenty-five to forty-five. These dead ships, if lumber-laden, will float indefinitely. The derelict schooner Fannie E. Wolston, abandoned off Cape Hatteras in October, 1891, remained afloat nearly three years, and was reported forty-four times, making, in her wanderings, a zigzag track around the Saragossa Sea of 8575 miles. She was last reported about five hundred miles due southeast of where she started. Next on the list in point of time afloat comes the schooner Wyer G. Sargent—a beautiful, yachtlike craft, that carried the writer among her crew on her first voyage—with a record of twenty-one months and a track of 5500 miles to her credit, and, after her, the schooner W. B. White, abandoned off Cape Hatteras in the blizzard of March 13, 1888, to wallow her way seaward, and, impelled by the middle of the three Gulf Stream divisions, lay her water-soaked bones upon one of the Hebrides ten months later. As a further instance of the tenacity with which derelicts may cling to existence may be quoted the case of the ship Fred B. Taylor, cut in two by the steamship Trave about eighty miles southeast of Nantucket, in June of 1892. The after end went north, grounding at Wells' Beach on the coast of Maine, seven weeks later; and the bow, caught by the southerly shore current, drifted south, and was last seen off the Delaware capes on September 6, two and a half months from the time of collision. How many more vulnerable craft these floating reefs sent to the bottom during their wanderings can only be conjectured.

The Playful Pranks of the Passing Squall

Of all the perils of the sea, none is so frequently met with in low latitudes as the atmospheric disturbance known as the squall—a combination of wind, rain, thunder and lightning, presenting, however, two or three of these aspects oftener than all four. Air-currents maintain their homogeneity and identity much as do the currents of the sea, which travel thousands of miles before becoming diffused and lost in surrounding water. An area of warm, moist air at the surface may be overlain and inclosed by colder, dryer, compressing air. There is contraction and consequent increase of heat until, from some cause, a break occurs in the walls at one side, and toward this break the hot, humid air rushes, expanding and cooling, condensing its moisture as it goes, condensing its electricity—positive or negative—on the smaller aggregate surface of enlarging raindrops, and discharging this rain and electricity, until we have all the familiar phenomena of the thunder storm or squall. An inclosed body of warm, dry air, subject to the above conditions, will possibly manifest itself as a white squall—an invisible fury that strikes without warning.

A schooner with sheets aft, struck by a squall, if not relieved by dismasting, may capsize, fill through open hatches or cabin windows, and sink before the pressure is raised. A

becalmed ship, with no steerageway and yards square, or nearly so, receiving this sudden pressure on the forward side of her canvas ("struck-aback"), provided, of course, that the masts do not fall, may settle her stern, bury her cabin windows and doors, and founder helplessly before she can gather sternway or be boxed around. But this does not always happen. A squall may pass harmlessly overhead or a quarter of a mile to one side, and again may strike the ship with no more manifestation of force than could be aroused by a fan. No man may gauge the amount of wind in a coming squall.

The Wild Chase of the Whirling Terror

Consider that the inclosed area of warm, moist air finds no escape in a lateral direction and is pressed down by the heavier cold air until it breaks through above at one or more points of least resistance—punctures holes for itself to ascend. Toward these ascending columns the surrounding air rushes with a force varying with the distance from other columns, assumes a whirling motion—right or left—condenses as it rises—at the upper part first, then lower down—drags upward a spinning, cone-shaped turmoil of water from the sea that almost meets the inverted cone of condensed vapor above, and here we have the waterspout—a tornado born at sea, with a possible vacuum centre which, if large enough, may surround a small craft and explode her hull from the sudden expansion of air in the hold as easily as farmhouses and barns are demolished in the West. But this is theoretical, as waterspouts are unruly subjects for study, presenting little opportunity for inductive reasoning, and scientific data are rare. It is known, however, that the furious velocity of the whirling air-currents is sufficient of itself to tear the masts out of the strongest of ships; the American bark Reindeer, Captain Strandt, for instance, had all three masts cut off below the lower mastheads by a waterspout that struck her while running up the Gulf Stream in February of 1888. The hull was not injured, and the crippled vessel reached Bermuda.

But it is also known that a modern steamship need not fear an ordinary waterspout. More than one of them has been shattered to a harmless fall of rain by the twenty-foot nose of a liner.

Ever present in the mind of a ship captain is the peril of storm, with its concomitant heavy sea. And here it is well to say that it is not the wind that is dreaded; it is the waves. A ship will claw away from a lee shore in smooth water against any wind that will permit her to show a patch of slanting canvas. The heave of the sea is what annuls the law of physics and throws her on the rocks; and with sea-room to leeward it is the tossing, straining, pounding of the waves that forces oakum from seams, wrenches plank-ends from fastenings, and causes the leak that sinks her.

The Smell of a Blow in the Air

Certain indications of a gale speak to the ship captain. He notes a falling barometer. The peculiar sensation—a combination of low-pressure and humidity—which he calls the "smell of a blow," is upon him. Running at an angle with the wind is a long, rolling swell, and he knows that somewhere beyond the horizon is the revolving storm that sent it. The sky obscures, the wind increases—steadily or in puffs—and a change in the temperature, warmer or colder, helps to indicate the ship's position in regard to the storm centre; for in the track of an advancing cyclone the thermometer will fall, and behind it, it will rise. Sail is shortened, and by this time the wind has assumed a definite direction. The captain consults his chart and his storm-card—a transparent diagram with the vertical markings of a cyclone, the concentric circles—isobars—which show similar barometric readings, and a series of curves radiating from the centre—one for each point of the compass, on every part of which curve the wind is blowing from the same direction. Finding the ship's position on the chart, he selects the curve on the card marked with the direction of the wind at the ship, and placing the outer end of this curve—for he is probably on the outer circle of the storm—over the place of the ship, with meridians parallel, he marks through the centre of the card to the chart, and knows that about here is the "eye of the storm"—an area of "low barometer" ten to thirty miles across, where there is little or no wind, but which is marked by an agitated cross-sea caused by the different directions of the blast as the centre advances.

How a Master Out-Manœuvres a Storm Centre

It is this centre and surrounding wind that he must avoid. He knows its direction, but not the actual distance; though his barometer readings compared with those of the storm-card isobars may give him an idea. He knows that all circular storms larger in area than the short-lived tornado or waterspout revolve, in the Northern Hemisphere, in a direction contrary to that of the hand of a watch—face upward; and that in the Southern Hemisphere the whirl is reversed. And he knows that the track of a storm centre is invariable. North of the Line, with sea room, he will bring his ship to the wind on the starboard tack under short sail, unless, as may be, the increasing gale is fair, or nearly so; then he scuds, while he may, with a greased hawser towing astern, or oil bags over the side, keeping the wind on the starboard bow or quarter; for, hove-to or scudding, the wind on the starboard bow or quarter will tend to drift or blow the ship away from the centre, provided, of course, that she is not in a position to be overtaken by the advancing storm, which travels bodily from twelve to thirty miles an hour. In this case he must use his best judgment—scudding across the centre when he would have preferred heaving-to, or heaving-to when he could have shortened his passage by scudding.

Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.

The Stranded Ship

By Charles G. D. Roberts

Far up the lonely strand the storm had lifted her,
And now along her keel the merry tides make stir
No more; the running waves that sparkled at her prow
Seethe to the chains and sing no more with laughter now.
No more the clean sea-furrow follows her; no more
To the hum of her gallant tackle the hale Nor'westers roar.
No more her bulwarks journey; for the only boon they crave
Is the guerdon of all good ships and true, the boon of a deep-sea grave.

Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.

No more she mounts the circles from Fundy to the Horn,
From Cuba to the Cape runs down the tropic morn,
Explores the vast Uncharted where great bergs ride in ranks,
Nor shouts a broad "Ahoy" to the dories on the Banks.
No more she races freights to Zanzibar and back,
Nor creeps where the fog lies blind along the liners' track.
No more she dares the cyclone's disastrous core of calm,
To greet across the drooping wave the amber isles of palm.

Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.

Amid her traflicking peers, the wind-wise, journeyed ships,
At the black wharves no more nor at the weedy slips
She comes to port with cargo from many a storied clime.
No more to the rough-throat chantey her windlass creaks in time,
No more she loads for London with spices from Ceylon—
With white spruce deals and wheat and apples from St. John;
No more from Pernambuco with coffee-bales—no more
With hides from Buenos Ayres she clears for Baltimore.

Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.

Wan with the slow vicissitudes of rain and wind and sun,
How grieves her deck for the shipmen whose hearty brawls are done.
Only the wandering gull brings word of the open wave,
With shrill scream at her taffrail deriding her alien grave.
Around the keel that raced the dolphin and the shark
Only the sand-wren twitters from barren dawn till dark;
And all the long, blank noon the blank sand chafes and mars
The prow once swift to follow the lure of the dancing stars.

And when the winds are low, and when the tides are still,
And the round moon rises inland, over the naked hill,
And o'er her parching seams the dry cloud-shadows pass,
And dry along the land-rim lie the shadows of thin grass,
Then aches her soul with longing to launch and sink away
Where the fine silts lift and settle, the sea-things drift and stray,
To make the port of Last Desire and slumber with her peers
In the tide-wash rocking softly through the unnumbered years.

Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

"Never Again"

"Never again with our consent, if we have the power, never again shall the Boer be able to erect in the heart of South Africa a citadel whence proceeds disaffection and race animosity to endanger the paramountcy of Great Britain."

This was the challenge which Joseph Chamberlain flung to the House of Parliament just before the British victories began. "Never again," repeated Sir Alfred Milner, the Governor of South Africa, and the words have become a text for British patriotism. In that critical parliamentary struggle when the opposition had made their speeches—very mild speeches they were!—Mr. Chamberlain turned upon them again and asked them why they did not have the courage of their convictions; why they did not vote against the war? And when the vote did come up it was overwhelmingly in support of the national policy. All this illuminates the situation. Great Britain is to-day as determined to crush the South African Republic as the United States was to defeat Spain two years ago, and Great Britain is three hundred times more powerful in men and wealth than the Boers.

In the debate Mr. Chamberlain admitted that he really meant to accept President Kruger's offers about the franchise, and that he thought he had done so, whereupon Sir Edwin Clarke, one of the greatest of Englishmen, said crushingly: "You intended to accept and avert war, yet you did not draw up your note so as to make your meaning clear; and when you found that the Boers did not understand you to accept, you did not lift a finger or telegraph a word to clear up the matter." To this Mr. Chamberlain made no reply.

In another debate Mr. Asquith, who is also one of the ablest of English statesmen, remarked, in view of Chamberlain's admissions, that he would doubtless re-edit his dispatches if it were all to be gone over again.

"I would not alter a single word," said Mr. Chamberlain.

It is the purpose of Great Britain to win in South Africa at any cost. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent; more than twenty thousand men have been incapacitated by death or wounds or illness, but there is a greater determination than ever to spread English authority over all of South Africa. It is a fight for supremacy.

The Leadership of Great Britain in Africa

In spite of the disappointments in battle and the splendid valor of the Boers, Great Britain has already gone ahead with the program. The Orange Free State, with its 48,500 square miles of territory and its population of 286,000 and its trade of nearly $15,000,000 a year, has been proclaimed a British possession. The South African Republic, if conquered by Great Britain, will add an area of 120,000 square miles and a population of nearly a million and a half, an annual trade of almost $200,000,000 and mines whose wealth no one can estimate. Already in Africa Great Britain controls an area of 2,761,000 square miles, with a population of nearly 36,000,000, and a trade of almost $300,000,000, and the new additions will give Great Britain almost a third of the entire area of the dark continent—the most of it that is worth having.

The Key to South Africa

It takes no great prescience to see that in the course of time Great Britain will also acquire Delagoa Bay. There was a time when she might have bought it for fifty or sixty thousand dollars, and just now she would probably be glad to pay as many millions, if Portugal would or could sell it to her. This bay is one of the keys to South Africa, and by reason of its being in the hands of another nation and the fact that railroads run direct from it to Pretoria constitute the greatest possible factor in the strength of the Boers. It is by long odds the finest harbor in South Africa, and the navies of the world might find anchorage within it.

It is through this port that the Transvaal now has communication with the world, and the railroads are enjoying a great prosperity. The administration of the port by the Portuguese is described as being about as bad as anything could possibly be, and as Portugal does not seem long for this world as an independent nation, Great Britain will undoubtedly watch every opportunity to possess the bay.

A Greater Problem in Asia

Ever since General Sherman said that war was hell the expression has been quoted in every country and in every language. Even at best the horrors of it are appalling. For every hero it creates it digs a thousand graves. But war is something else than mere destruction. It is the rearrangement of boundaries, of politics, of civilization itself. It is in the end, however frightful, a business transaction.

The conflict in South Africa has been peculiarly destructive of reputations and preconceived ideas. It has broken some of the best of English commanders, and it has made certain the very thing brought about by our war with Spain—the complete reorganization of the army. But the army is the machine and the men who work it; the larger problems lie far beyond it, even though this machine be that of hundreds of thousands of men costing millions of dollars. That is what the leaders of the British Empire look to. It is not the loss of a few thousand lives in battle, or whether or not the given causes of inevitable conflict were excusable, but that, in the work done, the supremacy of the British Empire shall be not only maintained but increased.

Thus, next to South Africa, is that infinitely larger and more portentous situation on the borders of Afghanistan, for the power of Russia and the future of Great Britain in Asia come within hailing distance over the boundaries of an Ameer who holds his place because he has on each side of him two hungry giants, neither of whom would hesitate to eat him up if he did not fear the big fellow on the other side of the lot. Unquestionably Russia has taken advantage of the South African difficulties to push her lines farther and farther toward India, and thus comes the plea from the Ameer that Great Britain should do something to protect him from the Bear; but at the same time he informed the British Government that he wanted no railroads or telegraph lines built across his dominion, a mountain region of 279,000 square miles, with a population of 4,000,000, greater, in fact, than the territory in South Africa for which Great Britain is now fighting. He wants cash, but not civilization.

A Calamity that is Worse than War

And on the other side of Afghanistan down toward the Indian Ocean there are troubles of the most pathetic kind which the British Government is compelled to meet. Fancy a country not quite one-half as large as the United States, containing four times its population; that is, for every person we have in the United States, according to the same area, there are eight in India. Hundreds of thousands of these work all day for less than five cents each, and, in addition to being the poorest-paid people in the world, they are inordinately taxed. The margin between enough to eat and starvation itself in such a vast population must always be small. Twenty-odd years ago there was a famine, and the official mortality report of the British Commissioners had the incredible total of seven millions. Only three years ago there was another famine, and its horrors were spread before the world.

So close is that margin that the failure of a few rains means suffering and death to millions. Last fall the usual southwest monsoons did not come—did not bring the moisture from the Indian Ocean and the Arabian Sea—and now in thousands of square miles, which fructify when there is dampness, there is not a single stalk of corn or anything to feed those dependent upon the soil. Thus has come another famine, and the number of the starving is placed all the way from ten to forty millions. More than five millions are receiving relief.

The American consul at Bombay thus writes to Washington: "The famine district embraces the greater part of Bombay Presidency, most of the Nyzam's dominions of Haidarabad, the western half of the Central Provinces, the western states of central India, the entire part of Rajputana, the southeast Punjab, and a large portion of the native states of Cutch and Gujarat. The true famine area in British India and the native states will thus be about 300,000 square miles, with a population of 40,000,000. There is a further area of about 145,000 square miles, with a population of 21,000,000, in which more or less scarcity and distress prevail, where relief is already being given in a tentative form, or will probably have to be given before the advent of the next monsoon."

The Work the Young Men are Doing

In the larger practical work of the contest for supremacy Great Britain is using its younger men, and they seem to be the ones who are making the fewest mistakes. The older officials with their long lists of titles and their long years of comfort have been blundering along at a great rate, but the youngsters as a rule have been clear of head and prompt in action. George Wyndham, who is doing most of the hard work in the House of Commons, is not yet thirty-seven. Lord Curzon has only turned forty, and he is helped in his vast work of governing India by an American wife; and Sir Alfred Milner, the Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner of South Africa, is still a young man, who left journalism to become one of the strongest and most important figures in British politics. There are others of the same kind who could be named, and it is worth while to remember that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, whom we always look upon as a young man, has a son of thirty-seven who is also coming to the front in the political life of his country. And if Lord Salisbury, whose retirement has been so frequently reported, should really retire, the Premier would undoubtedly be his nephew, Arthur James Balfour, who, at fifty-two, has kept himself young by regular exercise and open-air life.

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MR. BALFOUR, M. P.

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LORD CURZON

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MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

Professor Worcester's Magic

Professor Dean C. Worcester, of the Philippine commission, tells of a curious wager he once made with a Filipino. When Mr. Worcester, as a student, was with the Steere expedition, a native leading a band of not over-friendly Filipinos approached the hut where he slept and began to shout. When the American awoke, the natives made known that their leader was a man whom nothing could kill, and promptly challenged the American to try his new-fashioned weapons if he thought there was any virtue in them.

Mr. Worcester found that the Filipino's confidence lay in the supposed efficacy of a magic piece of paper carried by the leader. This paper had power to ward off all dangers. The leader dared the American to shoot, and waved his spear in a manner that made the consequences of a refusal seem dubious.

Mr. Worcester stopped to argue. The Filipinos at once jumped at the conclusion that the American was afraid his weapons would prove powerless against so great a charm. Then the man demanded that if Mr. Worcester was unwilling to shoot he should surrender his rifle. The American objected, and, as a compromise measure, offered to fire at the magic paper if the Filipino would place it against a tree. If he made a bullet hole in the paper the charm was to go to him. If not the Filipino was to have the rifle.

The target was duly arranged. Mr. Worcester fired at point blank range. The paper was knocked from its place and the Filipinos set up a shout of victory. They imagined the charm had jumped to avoid the bullet. But examination showed it punctured and the natives admitted their defeat.

Japan's Progressive Empress To Be

The Princess Sada, who is to marry the heir to the Japanese throne, matriculated at the Peeresses School at Tokyo and while there was the favorite pupil of one of the American teachers. She had a passion for the study of the heraldry of her own land and extended this to that of her teacher's native country. It was her delight to read and talk of Colonial times, and even more to look at old prints which pictured the men, women and fashions of the American Colonies at that period. She had many tastes in common with her teacher, but upon one point they disagreed. It was the wearing of the native Japanese kimono. The Princess would persist in donning stays, skirts, shirt waists and all the adjuncts of the Western toilet.

One day the American said to her:

"Your Highness, why do you not wear your beautiful kimono to-day? It is so much more picturesque than that tailor made gown."

Sada laughed and, passing a book of old Colonial prints to her, replied, "Why don't you wear clothes like those your ancestresses wore?"

The Honorable "Joe" Manley's Convert

Probably the best known man in the State of Maine is Joseph H. Manley, the Republican leader of that commonwealth. No Southern enthusiast respecting State rights has a more intense love for his native State than has Mr. Manley for his. He was born in Bangor, and during the fifty-eight years which have elapsed since that event he has kept in touch with everything pertaining to the welfare of Maine.

A lawyer by profession, he has shown himself to be a capable publisher and editor, an efficient postmaster and a successful business man. His manners are easy and pleasant, sometimes a little blunt, but the very bluntness is admired [illegible] Maine than any other quality.

Some years ago Mr. Manley ran for the Legislature. Among his neighbors was an old line Bourbon Democrat who, according to Dame Rumor, voted religiously every Presidential year for Andrew Jackson. To the surprise of the city of Augusta this voter cast his ballot, for the first time, for a Republican, Mr. Manley. He was reproached by his party friends and replied, "Yes, I'm a Democrat; always was and always will be. I chipped in to your campaign fund and I helped you on the rest of your ticket and you've never done nothin' for me. Now when it comes to going against Joe Manley, who got us a State house, a post-office, a reservoir and a gilt-edged jail, and who if he is elected is liable to get us anything, and who doesn't mind calling me hard names when I deserve them, I'm for Joe, Democrat or no Democrat."

Mr. Manley tells this story of a flying trip to Europe. One day a college professor of great learning was seen leaning over the gunwale miserably seasick. He was so sick that he was talking aloud to himself and bemoaning the fate which had intrusted him to the tender mercies of the Atlantic.

A bystander remarked, "The learned member from Boston is having a quiet debate with the ocean."

"Yes," answered Mr. Manley quickly, "it is a case of deep calling unto deep."

Where Ignorance is Bliss

John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, [illegible] travels between Cleveland, his former home, and New York in a private car. On a recent trip from the former city one of Mr. Rockefeller's party found in the sleeping car two men from Cleveland whom he knew very well. After a [illegible] utes' chat he invited them into the private car to meet Mr. Rockefeller. They found the oil man deeply interested in a game played with colored cards which he was piling up into stacks according to their color. He explained the pastime to the young men and then went on with the game.

"Did you ever play it?" asked Mr. Rockefeller.

"A great many times. But never with colored cards. It is usually played with playing cards and is called solitaire."

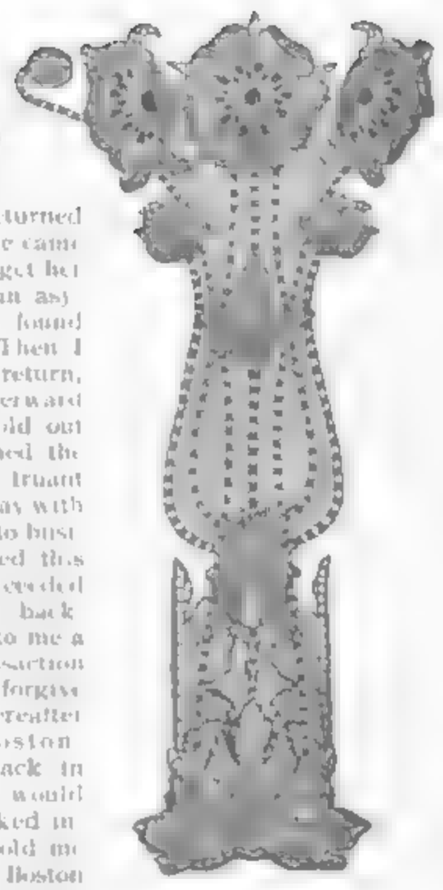
"Solitaire?" repeated the oil man. "I never played with playing cards in my life. You must be mistaken."

As the visitors left the car they saw the multi-millionaire deep in his game in spite of the warning.

Miss Loew's "Free Law Hospital"

When Miss Rosalie Loew, LL.B., was made attorney for the Legal Aid Society of New York, some of the directors shook their heads; but her linguistic abilities have naturally enough helped her, and so have her wit and sympathy. She inherits her legal cleverness from her father, Judge William Loew. Miss Loew's office looks like a miniature lecture room, and almost any forenoon one may find ten or twelve benches filled with poor men, women and children who have come to what she calls her "free law hospital."

"I have my 'matrimonial patch up department,'" she said, "and I am more proud of it than perhaps anything else. Then I have a 'bad lawyer' department where I corner and prosecute all dishonest practitioners, and a 'bad debt' division and hosts of others. One of my cases, which I call 'the appreciative family,' shows how legal aid is valued by those who need it and get it free of cost. A pretty little woman came to me one day and said her husband had run away to Europe and left her penniless and ill, with two children by a former husband and one by her present one to support. I consulted with the Hebrew Charities Organization and we decided not to send her to Europe. I advanced money and helped her to open a little candy store and got [illegible] stock. I did not [illegible] from her for some time except when she returned the money. One day she came to me and asked me to get her children out of an orphan asylum, which I did and found them good situations. Then I thought she would never return, but she called a while afterward and said that she had sold out the candy store and loaned the money to the son of the truant husband, who had run away with it to Boston and gone into business there. I straightened this matter out for her and succeeded in getting her money back. Nevertheless, she wrote to me a few weeks after the transaction that she had decided to forgive the son and would thereafter reside with him in Boston. Then I put her way back in my memory. But she would not stay there. She walked in in tears, one day and told me that I must help her; the Boston scheme had failed, and her dear husband had been unsuccessful in Europe and had returned to live with her, and I must make them happy and get him work. And I did," she said.



Madame Bauermeister's Repertoire

Among the heroes and heroines unknown to fame, there is none to compare with a dark eyed little woman who, while grand opera goes gloriously on in the glare of the footlights below, sits quietly in her dressing room at work upon delicate embroidery. She is Madame Bauermeister—"Little Bauermeister"—to whom Impresario Grau turns with calm confidence, no matter what the *contretemps*. Is Susan Strong, or Madame Barna, or Suzanne Adams ill? Little Bauermeister lays down her embroidery, dons the needful gown and sings the part correctly, sweetly, artistically. Soprano, mezzo soprano and alto numbers are all one to her. A mezzo soprano of unusual compass herself, she finds the whole range of the female voice facile to her powers.

Living with her parents in London, she studied at the Royal Academy and secured an opening at Her Majesty's Theatre in The Magic Flute—as one of the genii. The curtain was trembling for its rise when the discovery was made that there was no Queen of Night.

"Does any one know it?" cried the frantic manager.

Forth stepped the small genius.

"I do, sir; if you care to try me."

She sang the part of the Queen perfectly. But there was another tumult. Papagina was missing.

"Now we'll have to close the house," wailed the manager.

"Oh, no, sir," observed the youthful Queen. "I know Papagina."

M. Grau knows that she knows everything, for within a single week she has been on Monday, a gypsy; on Tuesday, a French actress; on Wednesday, a lady of honor; on Thursday, Martha, in Faust; on Friday, a Scotch countess; on Saturday afternoon, a page; and on Saturday night, housekeeper to Rigoletto.

The Hermit of the Yews

By E. Nesbit

MAURICE BRENT knew a great deal about the Greek [illegible] himself had any idea how much he knew of the one and no one had less idea than himself how little he knew of the other. So that when, a stranger and a pilgrim hopelessly astray amid a smart house-party, he began to fall in love with Camilla, it seemed to be no one's business to tell him, what everybody else knew, that Camilla had contracted the habit of becoming engaged at least once a year. The habit of years is not easily broken. Camilla became engaged to Maurice, and for the six months of the engagement he lived in Paradise.

About Easter time Camilla told him, very nicely and kindly, that she had mistaken her own heart. She hoped he would not let it make him very unhappy. She would always wish him the best of good fortune, and doubtless he would find it in the affection of some other girl much nicer and more worthy of him than his sincere friend, Camilla. Camilla was right—no one could have been less worthy of him than she, but, after all, it was Camilla he thought that he loved.

He took it very quietly, sent her a note so cold and unconcerned that Camilla was quite upset, and cried most of the evening, and got up next day with swollen eyelids and a very bad temper. She was not so sure of her power as she had been—and the loss of such a certainty is never pleasant.

He, meanwhile, advertised for a furnished house, and found one—by letter—which seemed to be the very thing he wanted: "Handsomely and conveniently furnished, seven miles from a railway station—a well-built house, standing in its own grounds of five acres—garden, orchard, pasture, magnificent view." Being as unversed in the ways of house agents as in those of women, he took it on trust, paid a quarter's rent, and went down to take possession.

It was on an inclement June evening that the station fly set him down in front of his new house. The drive had been long and dreary, and seemed to Maurice more like seventy miles than seven. Now he let down the carriage window and thrust his head into the rain to see his new house. It was a stucco villa, with iron railings, in the worst possible taste. It had an air at once new and worn out; no one seemed ever to have lived in it, and yet everything about it was broken and shabby. The door stuck a little at first with the damp, and when at last it opened and Maurice went over his house he found it furnished mainly with oil-cloth and three-legged tables and engravings in frames of bird's-eye maple—like a seashore lodging house. The house was clean, however, and the charwoman was clean. But the atmosphere of the place was that of a vault. He looked out through the streaming panes at the magnificent view so dwelt upon in the house agent's letters. The house stood almost at the edge of a disused chalk-quarry; far below stretched a flat plain, dotted here and there with limekilns and smoky, tall chimneys.

THEN HE REMEMBERED THAT FAINTING PEOPLE SHOULD BE LAID FLAT

When the woman had gone he sat long by the fire. His dreams were, naturally, of Camilla. His thoughts were of his work.

"I've taken the house for three years," said he. "Well, one place is as good as another to be wretched in. But one room I must furnish, for you can't work on oil-cloth."

So next day he walked to Rochester and bought some old bureaus and chairs and bookcases, a few Persian rugs, and some brass things, unpacked his books and settled down to the hermit's life to which he had vowed himself. The woman came [illegible] and left at noon. He got his meals himself—always chops or steaks or eggs—and presently began to grow accustomed to the place. When the sun shone it was not so bad. He could make no headway against the thorns and thistles on his five acres, and they quickly grew into a very wilderness. And he worked away at his book about Greek poetry.

He almost believed himself contented; he had never cared for people so much as for books, and now he saw no people and his books began to crowd his shelves. No one passed by the Yews—so called, he imagined, in extravagant compliment to the decaying cypress—for it stood by a grass-grown byway that had once connected two main roads, each a couple of miles distant. These were now joined by a better road, down in the valley, and no one came past Maurice's window save the butcher and the postman.

Summer turned brown and dry, and became autumn; autumn turned wet and chilly, and grew into winter, and all the winds of Heaven blew cold and damp through the cracks of the ill-built house. Maurice was glad when the spring came. He had taken the house for three years, and he was a careful man, and also, in his way, a determined, yet it was good to look out once more on something green, and to see sunshine and a warm sky. It was near Easter now. In all these ten months nothing whatever had happened to him.

It was on the Saturday before Easter that the quarry-side fell in. Maurice was working in his study when he heard a sudden crack, and then a long, loud, rumbling noise, like thunder, that echoed and reëchoed from the hills on each side. And, looking from his window, he saw the cloud of white dust rise high above the edge of the quarry, and seem to drift off to join the cotton-wool clouds in the blue sky.

"I suppose it's all safe enough here," he said, and went back to his manuscripts. But he could not work. At last something had happened, he found himself shaken and excited. He laid down the pen.

"I wonder if any one was hurt," he said, "the road runs just below, of course; I wonder whether there'll be any more of it; I wonder——"

A wire jerked, the cracked bell sounded harshly through the silence of the house. He sprang to his feet.

"Who on earth!" he said. "The house isn't safe, after all, perhaps, and they've come to tell me." As he went along the worn oil-cloth of the hall he saw through the comfortless glass of his front door the outline of a sailor hat.

He opened the door—it stuck, as usual, but he got it open. There stood a girl, holding a bicycle.

"Oh," she said, without looking at him, "I'm so sorry to trouble you; my bicycle's run down, and I'm afraid it's a puncture, and could you let me have some water to find the hole—and if I might sit down a minute?"

Her voice grew lower and lower.

He opened the door wide and put out his hand for the bicycle. She took two steps past him, rather unsteadily, and sat down on the stairs; there were no chairs; the furniture of the hall was all oil-cloth and hat pegs.

He saw now that she was very pale. Her face looked greenish behind the white meshes of her veil. He propped the machine against the door, as she leaned her head back against the ugly marbled paper of the staircase wall.

"I'm afraid you're ill," he said gently. But the girl made no answer. Her head slipped along the varnished wall and rested on the stair two steps above where she sat. Her hat was crookedly twisted. Even a student of Greek could see that she had fainted.

He got her hat and veil off—he never knew how, and he wondered afterward at his own cleverness, for there were many pins, long and short. He fetched the cushion from his armchair and put it under her head; he took off her gloves and rubbed her hands and her forehead with vinegar, but her complexion remained green, and she lay all in a heap at the foot of his staircase. Then he remembered that fainting people should be laid flat, so he very gently and gingerly picked the girl up in his arms and carried her into his sitting-room. Here he laid her on the floor—he had no sofa—and sat beside her on the floor, patiently fanning her with a copy of the Athenæum, and watched the pinched pallid face for some sign of returning life. It came at last, in a flutter of the eyelids—a long-drawn, gasping breath. The Greek scholar rushed for whiskey, lifted her head and held the glass to her lips. The blood had come back to her face in a rush of carnation. She drank—choked—drank. He laid her head down and her eyes opened. They were large, clear gray eyes—and they and the clear red tint in cheeks and lips transformed the face.

"Good gracious!" thought he, "she's pretty. Pretty? She's beautiful!"

"You're better now," said he with feverish banality. "Give me your hands—so. Now you can—yes, that's right—here—this chair is the only comfortable one."

After a few moments she stretched her arms like a sleepy child, yawned, and then suddenly broke into laughter. It had a strange sound. No one had laughed in that house since the wet night when Mr. Brent took possession of it, and he had never been able to bring himself to believe that any one had ever laughed there before.

"Did I faint?" she asked with interest. "I never fainted before. But—oh, yes—I remember. It was rather horrible. The quarry tumbled down almost on me, and I just stopped short in time, and I came around by this road because the other's stopped up, and I was so glad when I saw the house. Thank you so much. It must have been an awful bother. I think I had better start soon."

"No, you don't; you're not fit to ride alone yet," said he to himself. Aloud he said:

"You said something about a puncture. When you are better I'll mend it. And—look here—have you had any [illegible]?"

"No," said she.

"Then, if you'll allow me." He left the room, and presently returned with the tray set for his own lunch. Then he fetched from the larder everything he could lay hands on—half a cold chicken, some cold meat pudding, a pot of jam. He set these confusedly on the table.

"Now," he said, "come and try to eat."

"It's very good of you to bother," she said, a little surprise in her tone, for she had expected luncheon to be a set formal meal at which some discreet female relative would [illegible]. "But aren't you—don't you—do you live alone?"

"Yes—a woman comes in the mornings. I'm sorry she's gone—she could have arranged a better luncheon for you."

"Better? Why, it's lovely!" said she, accepting the situation with frank amusement. And she gave a touch or two to the table which seemed to set everything in its place.

Then they lunched together. He would have served her standing, as one serves a queen, but she laughed again, and [illegible] took the place opposite her. During luncheon they talked.

After luncheon they mended the punctured tire, and talked all the while. Then it was past three o'clock.

"You won't go yet," he said then, daring greatly for what seemed to him a great stake. "Let me make you some tea I can, I assure you—and let us see if the tire holds up

"Oh, the tire is all right, thanks to your cleverness"

"Well, then," said he desperately, "take pity on a poor hermit. I give you my word I have been here ten months and three days, and I have not in that time spoken a single word to any human being except my bed maker"

"But if you want to talk to people, why did you begin being a hermit?"

"I thought I didn't, then"

"Well—now you know better, why won't you come back and talk to people in the ordinary way?"

"I have a book to finish," said he. "Would you like to have tea in the wilderness, or in here?" He wisely took her consent for granted this time, and his wisdom was justified. They had tea in the garden. It seemed to him that his mind was opening like a flower, and for the first time. He had never talked so well and he knew it. All the seeds of thought sown in those long, lonely hours bore fruit now. She listened, she replied, she argued and debated.

"Beautiful—and sensible," said Maurice to himself. "What a wonderful woman!" There were, besides, an alertness of mind, a quick brightness of manner that charmed him. Camilla had been languid and dreamy.

Suddenly she arose to her feet.

"I must go," she said, "but I have enjoyed myself so much. You are an ideal host—thank you a thousand times. Perhaps we shall meet again some day if you return to the world. Do you know we've been talking and wrangling for hours and hours, and never even thought of wondering what each other's names are. I think we've paid each other a very magnificent compliment, don't you?"

He smiled and said, "My name is Maurice Brent."

"Mine is Rose Redmayne. It sounds like somebody in the Family Herald, doesn't it?"

He had wheeled the bicycle into the road and she had put on hat and gloves and stood ready to mount before she said:

"If you come back to the world I shall almost certainly meet you. We seem to know the same people. I've heard your name many times."

"From whom?" said he.

"Among others," said she with her foot on the pedal, "from my cousin Camilla. Good-by."

And he was left to stare down the road after the swift flying figure. Then he went back into the lonely little house, and at about half past twelve that night he realized that he had done no work that day and that those hours which had not been spent talking to Rose Redmayne had been spent in thinking about her.

"It's not because she's pretty and clever," he said, "and it's not even because she's a woman. It's because she's the only intelligent human being I've spoken to for a year."

It was three weeks later that the bell again creaked and jangled, and again through the spotted glass he saw a sailor hat. To his infinite disgust and surprise his heart began to beat violently.

"I grow nervous, living all alone," he said. "Confound this door, how it does stick! I must have it planed."

He got the door open and found himself face to face with—Camilla. He stepped back and bowed gravely.

She looked more beautiful than ever—and he looked at her and wondered how he could ever have thought her even passably pretty. "Won't you ask me in?" she said timidly.

"No," said he. "I am all alone."

"I know," she said. "I have only just heard that you're living here all alone, and I came to say—Maurice—I'm sorry. I didn't know you cared so much—or"

"Don't," he said, stopping the [illegible] as an ox blocks a ball. "Believe me, I've not made myself a hermit because of—of all that. I had a book to write, that was all. And—and it's very kind of you to come and look me up—and I wish I could ask you to come in—but And it's nice of you to take an interest in an old friend. You said you would, didn't you, in the letter? And—I've taken the advice you gave me."

"You mean you've fallen in love with some one else."

"You remember what you said in your letter."

"Some one worthier, I said," returned Camilla blankly, "but I never thought—and is she?"

"Of course she seems so to me," said he, smiling at her to express friendly feeling.

"Then—good-by—I wish you the best of good fortune."

"You said that in your letter, too," said he.

"Who is she?"

"I mustn't tell even you that until I have told her."

"Then good-by," said Camilla softly. "Forgive me for troubling you so unnecessarily."

And he found himself standing by his door, and Camilla on her bicycle sped down the road, choking with tears of anger and mortification and deep disappointment. Because she knew now that she loved him as much as it was in her to love any one, and because she, who had humbled so many, had now at last humbled herself—and to no purpose.

Maurice Brent left his door open and wandered down across his five acres, filled with amazement. Camilla herself had not been more deeply astonished at the words he had spoken than he himself had been. A moment before he had not even thought that he was in love, much less contemplated any confession of it. And now, seemingly without his will, he stood committed to this statement. Was it true, or had he only said it to defend himself against Camilla and the past, and against those advances of hers in which he saw merely a new trap? He had said it in defense—yes—but it was true, for all that. This was the wonderful part of it. And so he walked in the wilderness, lost in wonder. And as he walked he noted the bicycles that passed his door. Along his unfrequented road, by ones and twos and threes, for this was a Saturday, and the lower road was still lying cold and hidden under its load of chalk and stone might pass that way. Perhaps some day she would come that way again. She would surely stop, especially if he were at the gate—and perhaps stay and talk a little. As if in mocking answer to the new-born thought came a flash of blue along the road: Rose Redmayne rode by at full speed, bowed coldly, and then at ten yards' distance turned and waved a white gloved hand, with a charming smile.

His work went but slowly on that day and in the days that followed. On the next Friday he went over to Rochester, and in the dusk of the evening he walked along the road, about a mile from the Yews, and then, going slowly, he cast handfuls of something dark from his hand, and kicked the white dust over it as he did so.

"I feel like the enemy sowing tares," said he.

Then he went home, full of anxious anticipation. The next day was hot and bright. He took his armchair into the nightmare of a veranda, and sat there reading—only above the top of the book his eyes could follow the curve of the white road. This made it more difficult to follow the text. Presently the bicyclists began to go past by ones, and twos and threes; but a certain percentage were wheeling their machines. Others stopped within sight to blow up their tires. One man sat down under the hedge thirty yards away and took his machine to pieces. Presently he strolled up and asked for water. Brent gave it, in a tin basin, grudgingly, and without opening the gate.

"I overdid it," he said. "A quarter of a pound would have been enough. Yet I don't know—perhaps it's well to be on the safe side. Yet three pounds would [illegible] excessive." Late in the afternoon a pink figure wheeling a bicycle came slowly down the road. He sat still and tried to read. In a moment he should hear the click of the gate. Then he would spring up and be very much astonished. But the gate did not click, and when next he raised his eyes the pink blouse had gone by, and was almost past the end of the five acres. Then he did spring up—and ran.

"Miss Redmayne—can't I help you? What is it? Have you had a spill?" he said as he overtook her.

"Puncture," said she laconically.

"You're very unfortunate. Mayn't I help you?"

"I'll mend it as soon as I get to a shady place."

"Come into the wilderness. See—here's the side gate. I'll fetch some water in a moment."

She looked at him doubtfully, and then consented. She refused tea, but she stayed and talked till long after the bicycle was mended.

On the following Saturday he walked along the road, and back, and along—and again the place was alive with angry cyclists, dealing, each after his fashion, with a punctured tire. He came upon Miss Redmayne sitting by the ditch mending hers. That was the time when he sat on the roadside and told her all about himself—reserving only those points where his life had touched Camilla's.

The week after he walked the road again, and this time he overtook Miss Redmayne who was resolutely wheeling her bicycle back in the way by which she had come.

"Let me wheel it for you," he said. "Whither bound?"

"I'm going back to Rochester," she said. "I generally ride over to see my aunts at Felsenden on Saturdays, but I fear I must give it up and go by train. This road isn't safe."

"Not safe?" he said with an agitation which could not escape her notice.

"Not safe," she repeated. "Mr. Brent, there is a very malicious person in this part of the country—a perfectly dreadful person."

"What do you mean?" he managed to ask.

"These three Saturdays I have come along this road, each time I have had a puncture. And each time I have found embedded in my tire the evidence of some one's malice. This is one piece of evidence." She held out her ungloved hand. On its pink palm lay a good sized tin tack.

"Once might be accident; twice coincidence; three times is too much. The road's impassable."

"Do you think some one did it on purpose?"

"I know it," she said calmly.

Then he grew desperate. "Try to forgive me," he said. "I was so lonely—and I wanted so much——"

She turned wide eyes on him. "*You!*" she cried, and began to laugh. Her laughter was very pretty, he thought.

"You didn't know it was I?" said he.

"You!" she said again. "And has it amused you to see all these poor people in difficulties, and to know that you've spoiled their poor little holiday for them—and three times, too?"

"I never thought about *them*," he said. "It was *you* I wanted to see. Try to forgive me; you don't know how much I wanted you."

Something in his voice kept her silent.

"And don't laugh," he went on. "I feel as if I wanted nothing in the world but you. Let me come to see you, let me try to make you care, too."

"You're talking nonsense," she said, but he stopped on a note that demanded an answer. "Why, you told Camilla——"

Yes, but you—but I meant *you*. I thought I cared about her once, but I never cared really, with all my heart and soul, for any one but you.

She looked at him calmly and earnestly.

"I'm going to forget all this," she said, "but I like you very much, and if you want to come and see me, you may. I will introduce you to my aunts at Felsenden—as a friend of Camilla—and I will be friends with you. But nothing else—ever. Do you care to know my aunts?"

Maurice had inspirations of sense sometimes. One came to him then and he said:

"I care very much."

"Then help me to mend my bicycle, and you can call there to-morrow. It's the Grange—you can't miss it. No—not another word of nonsense, please, or we can't possibly be friends."

He helped her to mend her bicycle, and they talked of the beauty of spring and modern poetry.

It was at the Grange, Felsenden, that Maurice next saw Miss Redmayne—and it was from the Grange, Felsenden, that in September, he married her.

"And why did you say you would never, never be anything but a friend?" he asked her on the day when that marriage was arranged. "Oh—you nearly made me believe you! Why did you say it?"

"One must say something!" she answered. "Besides, you'd never have respected me if I'd said 'Yes' at once."

"Could you have said it? Did you like me then?"

She looked at him, and her look was an answer. He stooped and gravely kissed her.

"And you really cared, even then? I wish you had been braver," he said, a little sadly.

"Ah, but," she said, "I didn't know you then. You must try to forgive me, dear. Think how much there was at stake! Suppose I had lost you!"

"MR. BRENT, THERE IS A VERY MALICIOUS PERSON IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY—A PERFECTLY DREADFUL PERSON"

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Why We Have Bosses

WHEN Mahomet entered upon his missionary career he promised that any warrior killed in battle for the true faith should be attended in Paradise by a retinue of houris. No intimation of this promise had been vouchsafed in the earlier revelations; the idea was an afterthought. It is possible that Mahomet himself believed it; it is certain that Mahomet was building up a powerful political "machine" and he had promised earthly rewards until, what with fulfillments and inability to secure more spoils, there was nothing left to promise. So he mortgaged the hereafter to supply himself with the means of holding his machine together. For Mahomet realized that the actual performances of a political leader are always a disappointment to the greater portion of his retainers, and that his strongest hold upon the allegiance of the average selfish mortal is the hope of what he is yet to receive. Mahomet was a shrewd "boss." All later bosses have imitated his methods.

This is one of the reasons for the frequent appearance upon the great and little knolls of politics in America of men who in fact represent a standard in morality, in information, and even in intelligence, below the average of the citizenship which elevated them. The skepticism of the nation forbids the use of post-mortem delights as a reward for political fidelity. The blessings which may be distributed while the giver and the recipient are still upon earth are, if the truth be known, limited. And yet the mass of mankind can be held only by promises of some personal advantage. The conscientious and moderately mathematical aspirant for leadership soon finds himself at the end of his resources. Accordingly he is crowded out by some one who reckons with looser calculation upon the inevitable sequence of the day of fulfillment after the day of promise. And since the line of demarcation between being over sanguine and being a conscious liar is too adjustable to be of practical use to any one except a criminal lawyer, the stress of competition soon perverts the promising politician into the habitual liar. "When one has said that a man is a liar, it is a waste of time to inquire of his other vices."

The people are themselves to blame for this condition of things, because it is the people who demand this reckless feeding of their hopes. Only at rare intervals of popular upheaval are the people willing to elect a public servant for no other reason than that he will give good service. Usually he must drag his way to power or to responsibility bound by myriad pledges to advance the interest of this and that and the other little leader, each pledge, if you will, innocent and insignificant in itself, but the sum of them all as fatally imprisoning to his actions as the Lilliputian twine with which Gulliver was held immovable. There is no escape except by humiliating compromise or insolent repudiation. Either alternative is disgusting to a man of independent honesty. And so the people force to the front the amiably irresponsible, the unscrupulously bold and the skilfully illusory. Sturdy, downright devotion to duty (a blood relative to Conscious Worth) balks early—and is picked up for the service of wiser masters. The directorates of hundreds of private companies are filled with men of intelligence and integrity in cities where the municipal council reeks with ignorant dishonesty. Immeasurable trustworthy guardians of any and every sort of private interest can be had in communities which seem to find it impossible to send out a loyal legislator.

The remedy has been said to be the education of the masses in patriotism. That sounds pretty. The suggester of course, never considers himself as of "the masses." Is not this remedy, however, really a bit of impertinent and baseless Pharisaism? Are not the masses in fact the ones from whom all efforts at reform have had their beginnings? Are not the masses to-day teeming with perfectly honest, even though mistaken, theories for the betterment of politico-[illegible] conditions? And are not all their attempts butting helplessly against the corpselike lethargy of the so-called classes?—the persons who deem themselves educated and cultured, and clean and righteous—but who are too busy with their own comfortable lives to throw away time on "politics" (for it would jar their complacency to give these matters their true name of "patriotism"). Study the lists of the voters. How many of the masses stay away from the polls? And how many of the educated go to them? Of the persons who do go to the polls, how many of the masses vote for some laboriously conceived theory?—and that means for principle. And how many of the intelligent remnant vote one way or the other only because "all the best people vote that way here"? or because "my business is good and I believe in letting things alone"? Yet the classes could outvote all the masses, if all the masses needed to be outvoted. And the classes—who require no jobs—could omit to exact any pledges.

The renaissance of American patriotism must begin, not at the economic bottom, nor even at the economic top, but in the great, comfortable, careless, self satisfied middle class, where a modicum of education and a measure of success have bred an indolent, unobservant, egoistic conceit. If the good middle classes could be husked of this benumbing content and taught to regard thoughtful and dispassionate voting as among the obligations of conscience, the millennium would be imminent. At least, the rule of the political boss would presently have gone to consort in the realms of a mournful oblivion with the other resurrectionless superstitions.

—F. RUSSELL.

In the use of money in politics two rigid rules should be observed: First, don't do it; second, don't get found out.

Mending Morals by Making Muscle

THE renaissance of physical culture which marks this age has many amusing features. As the lost art of being beautiful slowly returns to our apprehension, as the human body dawns anew upon our thoughts as being a clean and comely thing—not a secret shame we are obliged to carry and conceal—the observer notes with keen appreciation the various manœuvres which accompany the great revival.

Physical culture was never utterly forgotten among men, as masculine beauty was never supposed to cease at the collar bone or at some fluctuating shoulder line. The masculine body—though as ill dressed as a rhinoceros—not having been "hidden under a bushel," men have always valued and honored fine physical development. Their lives, too, have allowed of a freer following out of natural instincts, and in both work and play they have been nearer to Nature than were women.

But women, sworn servants though they have been to the cult of Beauty, have not in these thousands of years understood the first and greatest of her laws—that a living creature cannot have beauty without health, nor health without exercise. Dimly do they now perceive this law, and vague and wild are their glimmering ideas and practices. Along many avenues the new standard of Beauty is advancing—outdoor sports, gymnasium work, Delsarte exercises and a thousand modifications and combinations—and now a deeper truth is being shown us through careful scientific experiment with "defectives"—that body and soul are so inextricably connected that you can improve the moral character by improving the physical condition.

The marvelous experiments at the Elmira Reformatory, where hopeless criminals—absolute "degenerates," with all their "stigmata" upon them—were submitted to the influence of the finest physical culture, to which they responded most remarkably, have proven conclusively the value of such treatment even in the worst cases. But what is true in the extreme must be true also in the mean. If the worst criminals can be sensibly improved by the best physical care, so can ordinary people.

And there is the suggestion of the converse—that if high physical condition tends to promote a higher moral state, so a low physical condition tends to produce a lower moral state—and, therefore, that the unhealthy and ill developed people are potentially immoral! If this could be universally accepted, and an honest shame be felt for gross physical deficiencies and excesses, and if there could be cultivated a sturdy pride in building up a clean and noble body, it would be a vital factor in social advancement.

—CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

The man who simply sits down and waits is still wondering if the limited express ever stops at his station.

The Triumph of Quality

IT IS a common complaint nowadays that nothing counts but money. Merit has to give way to millions. All success in life is measured by cash. The idea of any one taking a leading position simply because he has done something besides accumulating a fortune is looked upon as antiquated. Wealth rules, and we must bow down to it.

All this is a penalty for the publicity of the age. When we live in the open or travel or dine at the hotel the longest pocketbook naturally gets the most attention. So when the waiter neglects us and rushes to the table where the new millionaire is dispensing his bounty in tips, we naturally resent the neglect of our own comfort and call this age bad names. But, in fact, it is nothing new. [illegible] ago Washington Irving used the term "Knickerbocker Aristocracy" and referred to that great object of universal devotion throughout our land," and there was just as much complaint then as there is now about the prominence of money. Then a man with $100,000 was a plutocrat, while to-day he is only respectably well off with a million. At the same time, in the public exhibition of men and manners, the wealthy person inevitably gets the largest share of passing notice. He gets it because he pays for it. He may do this by self-advertising, or he may do it by contributions to charity, but all the [illegible] and receives the worth of his money [illegible] it is not true that money is securing the higher prizes of this age and generation. It has its limitations, just as there are limitations to the size of show bills, or the number of diamonds Mrs. Newlyrich can wear. The great distinction that should be remembered is that while money can buy quantity there is something beyond its limitations, and that is quality.

We have recently been through an era of quantity. Our newspapers have been bursting with bigness until their readers have suffered with satiety, and have called for quality. In politics we have had money and pretension and humbug galore, with would-be leaders who could not make a respectable speech of an hour if they were to be hung the next minute. And now amid all the miserable shuffling there has arisen a clear demand for something higher and better, and in the recent debates in Congress, especially over the wretched Puerto Rican business, the whole nation applauded with fine enthusiasm the few men who stood for the honor of the country, who showed the qualities of independence and statesmanship.

In the pulpit we find a remarkable reaction from the quantities of creeds and dogmas, and hear the clarion call for the higher quality which turns from the dead past to the living present. On the battlefields the courageous soldiers who had their brief glory while the band was playing are already forgotten, while the men with quality in them have come into our respect and affections.

It is useless to decry wealth or to keep people from worshiping the golden calf. It is human nature to do so, but, at the same time, beyond all this there is something better, nobler and purer, and to doubt its triumph is to doubt human progress.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS

How civilization refines everything! For instance: the people of the United States give up more in tips every day than they used to lose by highway robbery in a whole year.

Must the Japanese Go?

WORKINGMEN in general throughout the Pacific Coast [illegible] deeply concerned at the present time over the great [illegible] to this country from Japan. Wage earners in the Far West, and more especially those dependent upon manual labor for the support of themselves and their families, view with decided alarm the thousands of Japanese who are yearly flocking to America in search of employment. Though the provisions of the treaty between the United States and Japan are being rigidly enforced by our officials, they only prevent the coming of those physically disabled, those not absolutely penniless, and contract laborers; consequently, under the existing treaty, the door is comparatively open to the vast majority of Japanese.

The agitation caused by this influx of cheap labor from the Orient is similar to that which resulted a few years ago in the passage by Congress of the Chinese Exclusion Act. However, unlike the Chinaman, the Japanese is very progressive, and quick to adopt American manners and customs. Nor does he possess those vices which render the lower element of the Chinese so repulsive to our people, and which had much to do with the placing of the bars against them. There is no question that, of the two races, the Japanese are far preferable, but it is their very shrewdness and ability to learn readily that make them such formidable competitors in the field of labor. They are exceedingly energetic, and seek employment at whatever wages they find it possible to get, thus endangering the welfare of the American laborer who asks a reasonable remuneration for his services. Nor are they prone to underestimate their capabilities, for even now they are entering the domain of skilled labor, and in time, if unchecked, will certainly cause a marked drop in the wages usually paid to those in this field.

The Pacific Coast, because of its geographical location, is naturally the first to feel the effects of Japanese labor, and that the agitation among the working people of this region will sooner or later spread to the Atlantic seaboard there is no doubt. Already the Congressmen from California are being called upon by the Trades Council of San Francisco to place the matter before the law-making power of the country that it may enact a measure prohibiting the hosts of the Orient from landing on our shores. It is clearly apparent to all who have watched the rapidly increasing Japanese population on the Pacific Coast that the welfare of the American laborer, who is forced to rely solely upon his two hands for bread, is seriously threatened by this tide of immigration, growing stronger as the weeks pass by. Shall it be restricted? This is a question of vital importance to the laboring people of the country, and one which this nation must decide in the near future.

—HERBERT BASHFORD.

Sometimes it is hard to escape the thought that [illegible] is possibly more doubt about the future of the stomach than of the soul.

Americans *in* Paris

ALL PARIS went to see L'Aiglon—this poet's dream of the life that might have been rent to Napoleon's unhappy son. Probably there has never been quite so exciting a "first night" in Paris. Single seats sold for as much as thirty dollars apiece. Of course, all the famous Parisians were present, from the old poet Coppée to the newest member of the Academy, M. Deschanel. The two colonies best represented were those of Russia and the United States. On the one hand the Grand Dukes of Russia, on the other General Horace Porter and the chiefs of the Consulate and the Exposition Commission; why—it would be hard to say. Only there are certain events that are distinctly international, and this, it seemed, was of them. Since Victor Hugo, no French poet has entered the lists with so strong a lance and swept so wide a career as this young poet, Edmond Rostand. His Cyrano de Bergerac carried his name into all parts of the world. Do you remember how you and I and all the rest of us over in America turned to this play with joyous welcome, not because it was either very great or very new, but because it was a splendid protest against the base realism and tawdry clownery that had driven poetry and purity from our stage? We were glad that Rostand succeeded because we saw that he stood for the finer impulses and the better thoughts—and the more accomplished art.

The night L'Aiglon was produced—and of course it is the drama of the Eagle's son, Napoleon's wretched heir—M. Rostand was so ill he could hardly face the friends who swarmed in to congratulate him.

"To one of us he said: 'It is not all my work—a man never does anything alone—always there is a woman in the background—this is my collaborator,'" and he introduced us to a slight, nervous brown haired woman, Madame Rostand.

"At least, I know every line of the play by heart," she said, and she said it in English, for Madame Rostand has the good fortune to be an American. She was born of an old French-American family and her early years were spent in a drowsy, opulent plantation on the Mississippi River. She came to Paris to be educated in her ancestral tongue. She was a bright and thoughtful girl.

She wrote poems that were recited in drawing rooms and finally made their way into print. They were white little songs, gracious as the phrases Mozart wrote for the flute. She called them Pipeaux, a dainty word which you may translate for yourself. And so she had her hour of celebrity here in Paris.

In the meanwhile, there was a young poet over in the Latin Quarter. He had read Pipeaux, and as he had just finished a play, Les Romanesques, he dedicated it to Rosamonde, who was no other than Mlle Gerard, the young American girl who had written those fluted verses. A little while after that he made her a formal offer of marriage. The document lies on the table beside me as I write. It is in verse. The twenty stanzas may be summed up in this: "If you will marry me, Rosamonde, I shall love you all my life—and therefore I shall be a great poet.'

Doubtless it was the "therefore," that won her. In any case, she married him.

Calmly, I fancy, the historical critic will come to the decision that Rostand did not accomplish much before he was married. Over in the Latin Quarter they called him The April Fool—perhaps because he was born April the first, perhaps because he was a dreamer. But, since his marriage, success has rained on him. He has won fame and name—a pleasant house in one of the suburbs of Paris and a chateau in the South of France, near Tours, in Balzac's country.

The night of the play Rostand was ill from overwork, and happy—as only the man who has worked well can be. We did not question him, but I daresay if we had put the query that was in every mind he would have said: "In order to write a great play one must have a collaborator," and then I think he would have taken off his hat to that slim American girl who has collaborated with him in literature and in life.

The Disadvantage of a Paternal Government

There is probably not an American of all those who will be in Paris during the next golden half year who will not visit two places—he will go to number 20, Avenue Rapp, and to number 18, Avenue Kléber. At the former address he will find marble halls—an automatic elevator (you work it yourself by pushing electric buttons), grinning darky porters, and Commissioner Ferdinand W. Peck and his fifty assistants. Mr. Peck is hedged about with a good deal of dignity, which is the prerogative of busy men, but every right minded American citizen who visits the Exposition will see that it is his duty to break through that hedge. A mere indication of what Mr. Peck may expect can be gathered from the fact that over 200 letters a day come to his address—from good fellow-citizens of whom he has never heard. When I went to see Mr. Peck to-day I found his secretary feebly waving off a crowd of insistent visitors.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

The secretary said gloomily: "They seem to think that the United States has sent us here to find boarding houses for them and tell them where they can learn French in five lessons."

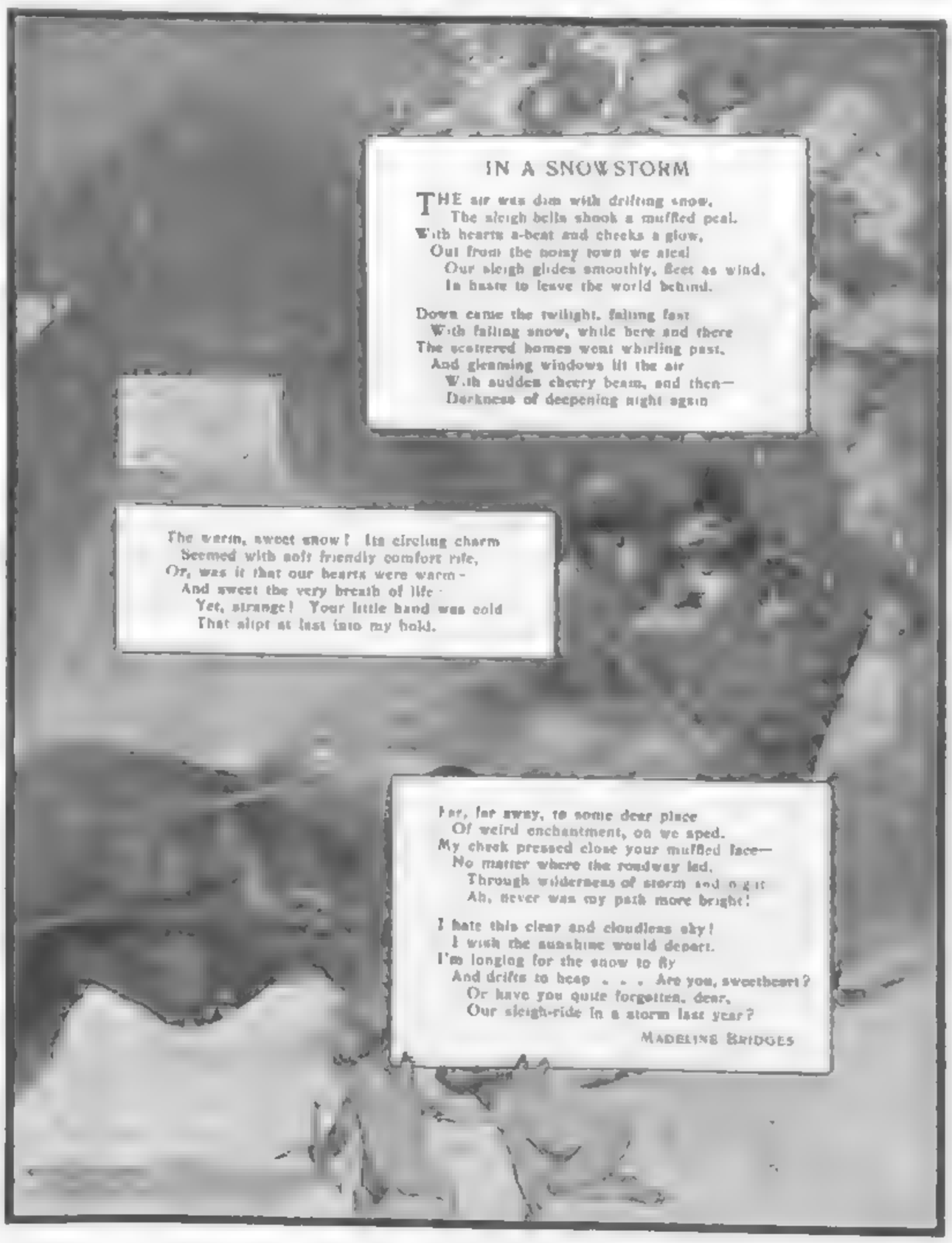
And then he tried to tell them.

But the American who is in trouble, who doesn't know quite what to do, usually tells his cabman—if he is not familiar with the 'bus lines—to drive him to the Avenue Kléber. There he finds himself in a quarter which Paris has dedicated to its friendship for the great republic over seas. He is only a stone's throw from United States Square and Washington Street. The home of the Ambassy is quiet, grave and unpretentious. You have to walk up stairs, for there is no elevator. If you wish to see the Ambassador you have but to send in your card. The American colony here says that General Horace Porter has brought back to the Ambassy a democratic courtesy as frank and fine as that of Benjamin Franklin. Still, it is not very often that one hears an Ambassador in his den. If you want a certificate of citizenship, if you need advice on any of the perplexing difficulties that confront the exile—the man to see is Mr. Vignaud. He is a pleasant, smiling gentleman who has already got into the gray years. Ambassadors come and go in Paris; Whitelaw Reid passes and Horace Porter comes, but always Henry Vignaud, First Secretary of the Ambassy, remains. He is the father-confessor of Americans in Paris.

A quarter of a century ago, he will tell you, "I began to write a book on the diplomatic history of France and the United States. I commenced with Benjamin Franklin's arrival in Paris and carried the story on to the sensational visit of Aaron Burr—when he came over to persuade Napoleon to make him Emperor of Mexico. Then I stopped. I was too much interested in reading the scroll of American history as it was unrolled day by day to go back into the past. And then," Mr. Vignaud would add, poking the old fashioned wood fire that heated one corner of his old fashioned room, "the American invasion into Paris is reaching such proportions that I have no time to give to the affairs of one hundred years ago. Now I am looking forward to the time when some young historian from Harvard or Princeton will come over here to study these wonderful documents in which is recorded the truth, real and unknown, of many an event that changed the current of American life. In our matured strength we do not realize the seriousness of our childish ailments, or how near we came to never being a nation at all. Who is prepared to say what might have overtaken the starving Continentals if—well, if Benjamin Franklin's 'republican simplicity,' his snuff colored coat and his drab stockings, had not caught the whimsical favor of the French Court?"

There will be millions of Americans in Paris this year, perhaps among them may be the historian who will rifle the archives of which Mr. Vignaud holds the key.

—VANCE THOMPSON


IN A SNOWSTORM
THE air was dim with drifting snow,
The sleigh bells shook a muffled peal.
With hearts a-beat and cheeks a glow,
Out from the noisy town we sped,
Our sleigh glides smoothly, fleet as wind,
In haste to leave the world behind.
Down came the twilight, falling fast
With falling snow, while here and there
The scattered homes went whirling past,
And gleaming windows lit the air
With sudden cheery beam, and then—
Darkness of deepening night again
The warm, sweet snow! Its circling charm
Seemed with soft friendly comfort rife,
Or, was it that our hearts were warm—
And sweet the very breath of life—
Yet, strange! Your little hand was cold
That slipt at last into my hold.
Far, far away, to some dear place
Of weird enchantment, on we sped.
My cheek pressed close your muffled face—
No matter where the roadway led,
Through wilderness of storm and night
Ah, never was my path more bright!
I hate this clear and cloudless sky!
I wish the sunshine would depart.
I'm longing for the snow to fly
And drifts to heap . . . Are you, sweetheart?
Or have you quite forgotten, dear,
Our sleigh-ride in a storm last year?
MADELINE BRIDGES

The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, —

I AM convinced by my own experience that fear is divided into two distinct halves. One half is almost invariably groundless and the other half is utterly discreditable and this conclusion has been reached by finding out that my pangs concerning Robert's political welfare were well nigh baseless, but that my fears concerning the coming of our old cousin from Spruce City, if discreditable to me, are more than likely to be realized.

In the first place Robert came home in high good humor; I may say he was quite hilarious. He would not tell me whether it was because he had succeeded in persuading the Legislature that black was white, or whether it was because of Cousin Melinda's naive remarks upon everything connected with their journey. I really could get no satisfaction whatever out of Robert concerning his political status. I thought, perhaps, that after he had been subdued a bit by his second vote in the House on the Puerto Rican bill he would tell me seriously how he stood. When the vote was over and he had helped to make the final narrow majority of eight, I asked him how his affairs had progressed. He only answered me in this wise:

'Well, Agatha, I feel rather like Dickens' character of Stephen Blackpool, who was beset at every turn by trades unions and politicians and agents and bosses, who tried to capture him for their own profit, and who when asked where he stood and how he regarded things, said, "'Tis a muddle and that's all. There is where I stick. I come to the muddle many times and agen, and it is always a muddle.'

I was no wiser than before and said impatiently:

"Oh, come down to plain statement, Robert. What about the Legislature? And the Flapjack?'

"Well, the Flapjack has turned a handspring on the griddle and is browning on its other side now. And the Legislature? Well, who knows? I may wear a toga yet.'

And this was all that I could get out of him. The only assurance I could find of the whole thing being in good shape was in his good spirits, and I wondered what jugglery he had used. When I undertook to reckon with him for bringing Cousin Melinda back at such an unpropitious time, he only laughed at me. It was in vain that I painted to him all the smart things I had on hand, the dinners I was giving to the diplomats, the fete I was arranging, the dances at various smart houses, and, last but not least, the coming of Alain de Courcelles, and Page's wedding which would come off in May just before the curtain should be rung down on the season's final performances. I even recited to him all the things that Cousin Melinda would want to do, all the things she would say, which would surely cause a ripple of amusement at our expense, but Robert only laughed the more at my undisguised concern, and said:

I could not help it. As soon as Cousin Melinda knew I had reached Spruce City she simply announced that she should come with me to Washington, and here she is, Agatha.

'Yes, here she is!" I echoed dismally; but it was no sort of use to get into the doldrums over it, so I took a mental brace and determined to make the best of it and to give the old lady the best time she had ever had in her life.

At the first of my Easter dinners, which was on Easter Sunday, I tried to prepare her for both the occasion and the day. I said to her:

Now, Cousin Melinda, you must get out your best gown and your best lace cap, for there will be a large company at dinner on Easter Sunday."

"See here, Agatha, where on earth do you expect to go to when you die if you give dinners on Sabbath day? I never heard of such heathenish doings. Seems to me you take great liberties with the Lord's day down here. I can't see any reason why my new stuff gown with the extra gore in it won't do. I didn't expect to stay dressed up all the time, anyway, and I think, my dear, that the new draggled way you dress for dinner every day, with your shoulders bare and your head all decked out with feathers and Robert tricked out in his swallow tail, is simply monstrous. I don't see what you are all coming to!"

But, cousin," I said coaxingly, "at this dinner there will be a number of foreign ministers who are used, in their own countries, to seeing women dressed up a good deal, so I want you to get out your lovely puce satin gown with that fine old lace on it. I want you to wear it for my sake, and besides, I want Page to see the beautiful lace.

This last argument I thought would fetch her, for she had taken a violent fancy to Page, although she professed not to understand her "outlandish talk" as she called it.

Well," replied she, considerably mollified, "seeing that you are to have ministers here, perhaps I'd better get out the puce satin.'

I never dreamed that the old lady did not understand what sort of people I had meant by foreign ministers. I thought she looked amazed when we were assembled just before dinner, for I saw her look with fascinated eyes at a jeweled order which a South American wore conspicuously on his breast. From him she glanced with acute interest and curiosity at the wife of his bosom, who was, I must confess, most remarkable in the way that some of the South American women alone know how to be. As I noted Cousin Melinda's gathering bewilderment, I said to Robert in an aside as we passed to the dining-room:

'Keep your eyes and ears upon Cousin Melinda, and do head her off if you can if she gets started on anything queer.

I knew that this might be entirely wasted advice, for Robert would be more likely to laugh and to encourage the old lady, so I whispered to Page:

'Don't let her out of sight or hearing, Page.'

'No. Ah won't. Ah'll watch out.'

THEY WERE ABOUT TO GREET THE CHILDREN

Everything went along well in Jules' most perfect style and I forgot our old cousin. Then suddenly in one dreadful pause I heard her say to the South American, while her eyes were glued to the glittering bauble on his breast:

Cousin Agatha tells me you are a minister from a foreign land."

I interrupted my own conversation to listen, while my heart dropped down into my satin shoes. The South American bowed and replied:

Yes, madame.

I tried to break into the conversation, but Cousin Melinda was seeking information and continued in her high, thin voice:

"Do all ministers down in your parts wear a badge like yours? Is it a badge of denomination?"

I was entirely paralyzed and so was the South American. He had not the vaguest idea of what she was driving at. He tried to stammer out the word she had used:

"De-nom-i-nassion?" then he stopped confusedly and said helplessly, "I don't understan' ze word, madame."

Here Mr. Morelos, with quick inspiration, seized the situation and saved it. He turned to Cousin Melinda courteously and said:

It is the order of Isabella, madame, and it is worn by some few of the Ministers of State from the Spanish countries of South America."

He emphasized the words "Ministers of State." Cousin Melinda echoed his words as though scandalized:

'Ministers — of — what?"

'Of State, madame—that is to say, Ministers Plenipotentiary and Envoys Extraordinary.'

A look of keen disappointment and disapproval swept over the old lady's face, and I caught something that sounded like "heathens." But Mr. Morelos continued to engage her attention until the rest of the table was absorbed with some other topic.

Of course from that time on there was no peace of mind for me. I knew that everybody around our board, and for that matter my stolid butler and impassive footmen as well, were simply exploding inwardly at the idea that this gorgeous South American, bedecked with the order of Isabella, had been supposed to be a minister of the Gospel and had been asked about his denomination. I knew that so far as Cousin Melinda was concerned her only regret was that she should have worn her puce satin in honor of these foreign heathens. I shall never cease to bless Mr. Morelos. He devoted himself almost exclusively for the rest of the dinner to Cousin Melinda, and I knew that it was his tact and courtesy that induced him to throw himself into the breach, and that my housewoman would have no chance to distinguish herself again that night. But that this little episode would make a fine *bonne bouche* for the smart world to take hold of and that it would pass from lip to lip I had no manner of doubt. I never was so glad in my life as I was when that dinner was over.

The next day was Easter Monday and I, in consideration of my friendly relations with the Presidential family, had been granted, practically, the freedom of the White House from which to view the children's annual egg-rolling. I was, of course, permitted to include Page and Cousin Melinda, and though I knew that we should very likely see nothing of the family, it was too good an occasion to show our cousin the sights to let slip.

Robert went off early to the Capitol, there to help along the wrangle over the Naval Appropriation bill; for every member of the House thinks he knows more about the relative merits of Harveyized plate versus Krupp armor plate than the Secretary of the Navy himself, and not one hesitated to echo and applaud Representative Wheeler's [illegible] the other day, that the Secretary of the Navy "knows no more about armor plate than the man in the moon." I certainly can vouch for one fact, that the member from Spruce City knows no more about armor plate than the man in the moon, but bless you! that won't deter him from assuming a virtue if he has it not, and wrangling and disputing over every armor plate proposition that may chance to be submitted.

Meantime, on our way to the White House, Page regaled Cousin Melinda with the splendors of the mansion and with the impressive ceremony of egg rolling until the dear old lady was plainly nervous, and said with decision:

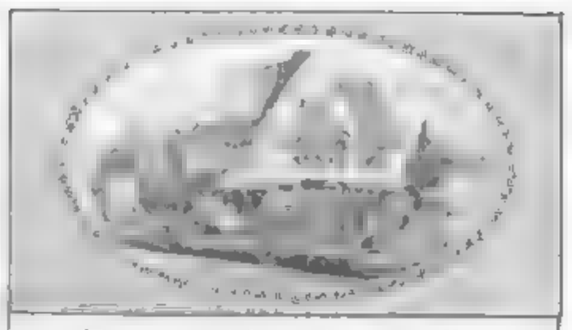
'Well, it beats me all hollow that William McKinley will countenance such pagan doings! Who ever heard of such a custom as egg-rolling?"

"Why, Miss Melinda," said Page, there's an' ole tale of the Orient that tells us' an egg of wondrous size fell into the river Euphrates, the fishes rolled it to the bank, [illegible] symbol of life ever since."

Humph," sniffed Cousin Melinda contemptuously; then she added, "I don't see how they came to hitch such a heathen story on to a Christian festival, anyway. Land sakes, Agatha, where are all these sights of children going? And they're black and white and big and little, and all got baskets. Why, there are thousands of them!" And she craned her head out the carriage window in wonderment.

The custom and occasion were new to me too; and I was almost as much interested and astonished at the spectacle as our old

Editor's Note.—The papers entitled The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 3. Each paper is complete in itself.



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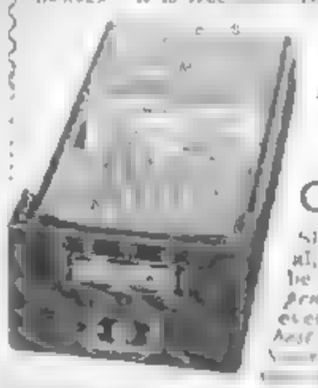

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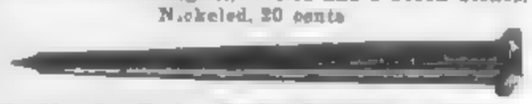

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cousin was. The noise when we reached the grounds was much like what it would be if all the fussy, chattering little sparrows in Christendom were to be gathered in one spot and then loosened. Above all this was the sound of the Marine Band.

"When did this custom of egg rolling originate, or with whom, Page?" I asked.

"Ah don' know. It began with our early Presiden's 'way back, oh, ever so far. Ah remember hearin' my mother tell of comin' to an Easter egg-rollin' in Mr. Buchanan's time, but it goes back farther still."

We alighted at the portico and entered the big, barnlike vestibule. While I was sending in a card, Page darted quickly to the door of the East room, then hurriedly beckoned to us to join her. As we did so, she said:

"There's a lot of school ma'ams here, an' Ah think the Presiden' is goin' to receive them, an' it would be a good chance for Miss Melinda to see him."

Sure enough, the big yellow damask sofas of the East room were drawn out across the doorway of the red corridor, to form a barrier against the eager women who were pressing forward to catch the first glimpse and get the first handshake of the Chief Executive when he should appear. Cousin Melinda gave herself up to a prolonged stare at every object in the vast room. She eyed the crystal chandeliers, she shuffled her feet over the yellow carpet to make sure that it was velvet. She passed her hand over the yellow upholstery of the chairs and sofas and pulled out the folds of the yellow hangings and fingered the tassels at the windows. She wanted to be convinced that there was no sham anywhere, and she only desisted from her delightful investigations when the sudden opening of the doors and the hush which fell upon the room attracted her attention and she found herself facing the President. She stood in rapt silence and watched closely every motion of the President as he rapidly disposed of the delegation. There was on her face almost an expression of awe. At last she said, as though to herself:

"So that's William McKinley. He is a shorter man and a stouter man and a graver man than I'd have thought, and he looks very tired;" then she wound up with an enthusiasm that was quite out loud and that was wholly unrestrained:

"But he's handsomer and bigger and greater every way than I."

I plucked her by the sleeve and drew my eyebrows together in warning, while a huge man, almost the only one among all that throng of women, said heartily in response:

"I echo your sentiments, madam."

When the whole thing was over and the President had retired, we were ushered into the red corridor and were permitted to wander through the private part of the house much as we pleased, save that an usher was in discreet attendance. It was just as we were about to enter the Green room that I noticed that Cousin Melinda seemed to be hanging back in the darker corridor without. As I stepped back she seemed to shrink from me, and I noticed that one hand was buried in the folds of her ample gown. I said concernedly:

"What is the matter, Cousin Melinda?"

She drew out reluctantly something she was holding in her hand, and to my horror and surprise I saw it was one of the yellow tassels from the hangings in the East room. All sorts of dreadful stories flashed through my brain of the devastating relic-hunter kind. I said impatiently:

"How did you get it, and why?"

"I did not mean to get it at all. I only took up the thing to see whether it was all silk or all worsted and it came off in my hand, and just then you called me.'

"Throw it down anywhere and come along," I said in a vexed way.

"I can't; that man's right behind me and he'll see it."

"Then cram it into your pocket," I said exasperatedly.

"My goodness Agatha, it's a quarter of a yard long and weighs a ton," she answered in desperation.

By this time the usher was catching up to where we stood, so we hastily stepped into the bright light of the Green room, and Page whipping a long hat pin out of her hat, said under her breath:

"Give it to me. Ah'll pin it to somethin'."

And Page took the stiff, clumsy, yellow thing and pinned it to the first object that came to hand, which was a green upholstered chair, and there it dangled in most conspicuous and disgraceful fashion. When the usher joined us we were all examining the famous Malachite clock on the mantel. But we did not tarry, for the room which held that tassel held no charms for us. Page rattled away to the usher and they became quite chummy. He had been in the White House for thirty-five years or more and told many interesting things in quaint, queer English. He told of the early struggles the Presidents had to get an appropriation from Congress to light the White House by other means than tallow-dips, and it was not till the time of Polk that tallow-dips were abolished, and they were only abolished then because some enterprising politician made campaign capital out of them.

We did not stop long in the Blue room,

THE SHOUTING EGG-ROLLING CROWDS IN THE GROUNDS BELOW

where the President receives foreign Ambassadors, nor even in the cheerful Red room, where the Presidential family usually congregates, and where Mr. Lincoln spent the last moments of his home life, talking animatedly to Mr. Colfax until the carriage was announced to take him to the theatre from which he never returned. From the Red room we went to the State dining-room. It was here that Cousin Melinda found her first real sham in the shape of the State dining-table with its mahogany legs and top made out of pine boxes. Not even the handsome plateau of glass with its gilt standards for flowers and bonbons, which Jefferson purchased in France, could make up to her for that table top. Nor yet did the beautiful china purchased by Mrs. Hayes quite make her forget it. I pointed out to her one particularly magnificent set of plates and said:

"How would you like to dine off that plate with that prairie fire sweeping over it and with those lurid flames almost leaping up into your face?"

"Well, I'd a sight rather have less china and more top to my table," she said, returning to her grievance.

Of course we did up the Conservatory, and I was careful not to let the old lady out of my sight during our walk through this embowered garden, lest she should get herself into more trouble. Afterward we viewed the State bedroom upstairs, with its gloomy rosewood furniture and sombre hangings. Here it was that President Harrison died, and that the Prince of Wales had slept when he visited this country. Cousin Melinda could not take her eyes off the cumbersome bed, with its curtains which reached nearly to the ceiling and with its cushioned sides. She said to the attendant:

"Do you call that thing a bed? Well, it only needs wheels to be a first-rate catafalque."

Page retired to a window to laugh while the usher said solemnly:

"They do say, madam, that after the inauguration of a new President, the first night of the second week the ghostly form of William Henry Harrison, who died in this bed, is seen to issue from this room and, with slow and solemn tread, to make a tour of the house, and fade finally into the dim obscurity of the darkest hour before dawn."

"Well, I'm not surprised," returned Cousin Melinda in all seriousness.

The next spot we visited was the Library, the gem of the White House. Our attendant first went to see that we should not be intruding upon any of the family before he ushered us into this charming room. Page, to whom everything here was familiar, went to the deep-cushioned window seats in the windows to gaze down upon the shouting, egg-rolling throng of children in the grounds below, while we inspected things within. The writing table, made from the ship Resolute, was covered with every article one could possibly want, either to guide the hand or to help the thought, and upon every sheet, envelope and card was stamped "Executive Mansion." The Milton shield, purchased at the Centennial, stood upon an easel and the usher quite descanted upon it:

"Observe, ladies, that Adam and Eve as represented upon this shield are strictly 'Scriptorial.'"

I was sorry Page had missed this description. I found that Cousin Melinda was interested in the contents of the bookcases, and when I drew near she was reading aloud:

"Edinburgh Reviews and Blackwood's Magazines, humph! Lots of reports—nothing there to vitiate the mind——"

"Unless," I interrupted, "you deem Maria Edgeworth's Moral Tales calculated to such mischief."

"Maria Edgeworth!" she snifled contemptuously. "Why, Agatha, there's not a scientific nor a philosophical work to be seen, and scarcely a poet save Hood. As for any modern works, why there's not a thing here that has been issued later than twenty years ago."

Just here a messenger came to the library to say that, if the ladies would descend to the Blue room the President and Mrs. McKinley would be there for a few minutes and would receive them, for they were just about to greet the children from the portico which opens off the Blue room. Cousin Melinda was radiant at the prospect and I dared not take my eye off her for a single instant during the next half hour.

When we reached the Blue room, the long windows that led to the portico were open, and coming in upon the spring air were the strains of Hail to the Chief and the joyous cheering of the children at the sight of the Presidential pair waving to them from the balcony railing. It was but a moment later when I was making my greetings to them and was turning to present my old lady cousin. Scarcely had the President taken her hand in his than she half bent her knee and, with the prettiest old-fashioned dignity, swept him a curtsy. The President, not to be outdone, bent low over her hand. This quaint respect Cousin Melinda repeated to Mrs. McKinley, who smiled and spoke graciously. And it was all like a bit out of an old-time play.

When we were driving away, Page attempted to rally her upon her sweeping obeisance. She said with the utmost simplicity:

"It was not to the man, but to the Chief of our Nation, to whom I was paying homage."

Egerton Castle's Warlike Avocation

IF MR. EGERTON CASTLE were to lack all other means of support he could earn his living as a fencing master. It is rather pleasant to think that a writer of novels of the school in which broadsword and rapier play such an important part should know how to handle those weapons. When Mr. Castle is in London, which is the greater part of the year, he goes regularly every afternoon to the London Fencing Club, a little low building which visitors to London will notice just across from St. James' Palace. Here Mr. Castle has a lively hour of fencing, and, although his skill is the result of years, he is still an earnest student of the technique of the foils.

It is, indeed, on the subject of fencing that Mr. Castle first appeared as an author. Schools and Masters of Fence, published in 1884, and Bibliotheca Dimicatoria, in 1890, were his first two books. Nowadays, when Mr. George Alexander is producing a romantic play at the St. James' Theatre, it is generally Mr. Castle who is called in to arrange the fights.

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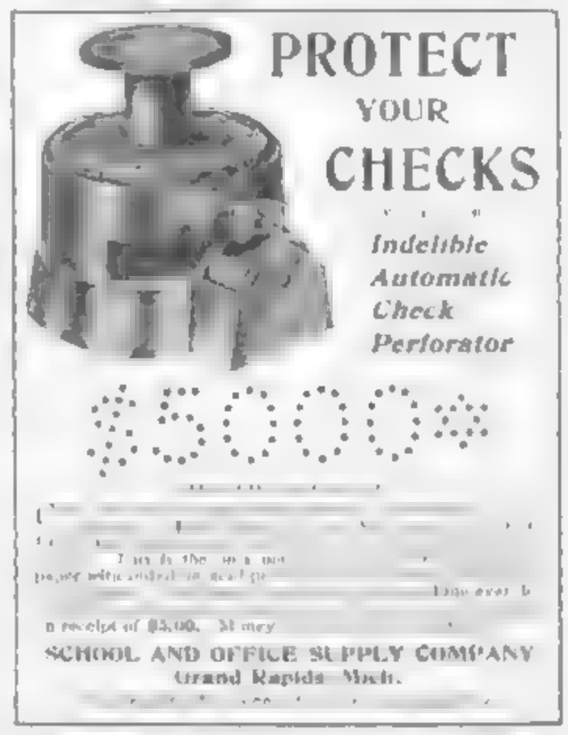

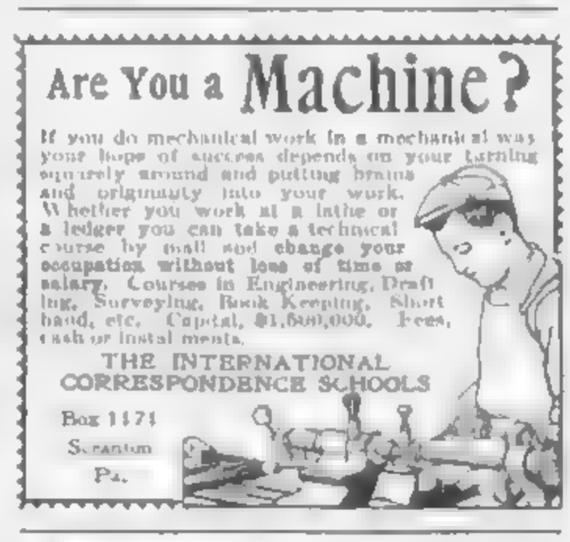
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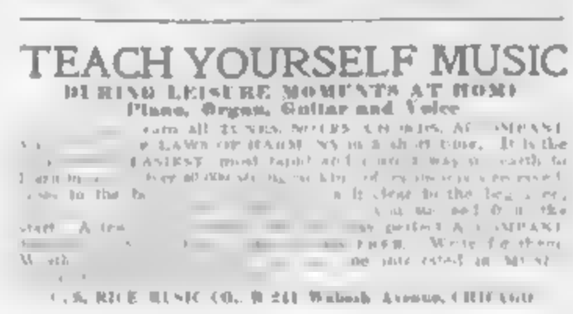

Parsons' Pond

By W. L. Alden

"Look at the beauty of the view," says the Deacon

YES, sir," said the keeper of the Prairie Hotel, "there used to be a pond in that there identical hollow. Blue Lake, the folks used to call it, though it wasn't much of a lake, being only about an acre in size. I remember all about the draining of that pond, and it's considerable of a story

"You see, in those days—it was along in about 1885—this house where we are sitting and enjoying the beauties of Nature at about as low a figure as they can be furnished for in any part of the State of Illinois, belonged to a man by the name of Parsons, and just over yonder on the flat, on the other side of where the pond used to be, was a house that belonged to Deacon Smedley. Parsons and Smedley were both farmers and they were mighty good friends, though the Deacon was a particular straight-laced old chap and Parsons wasn't even hopefully pious. Parsons' farm ran down to one side of the pond and the Deacon's farm was on the other side. One of them—I don't rightly remember at this minute which one it was—owned a skiff, and every evening he would row across the pond and sit for an hour with the other, smoking just as you and I are doing; or else engaging in profitable conversation about the crops, or the interests of the church, or something of that kind. Neither of the men were married and they were both what you might call old bachelors, though the Deacon was considerable the oldest of the two, being close on to sixty years, while Parsons might have been anywhere this side of fifty; he being one of those men who never trouble themselves about anything, but just go along smiling a little here and cussing a little there, and getting pretty near all there is to enjoy out of life.

"One day an idea struck Parsons. There was a chap spending a day or two with him who was a surveyor, and this chap calculated the amount of land that was under the water of that pond, and how much it would be worth if it was above water and could be cultivated. Then he showed Parsons what an easy thing it would be to drain the pond by digging a ditch about ten rods long and, say, four or five feet deep. Parsons thought it over and made up his mind that he would do it, and so the next evening when he rowed over to the Deacon's—and now I remember that it was Parsons who owned the skiff—he told the Deacon what he calculated to do.

"Deacon Smedley was a good man, or he wouldn't have been a deacon, but his best friends had to admit that he was set in his way. He was about the slowest man to take in a new idea that you could find in the whole United States. Consequently, when Parsons proposed draining the pond, the Deacon said that he'd never consent to it.

"'But,' says Parsons, 'what's the use of the pond, anyway? There's the creek over the other side of the pasture and that's all either of us wants for watering the stock. There ain't any water power to be got out of a pond, and what's the use of water that can't run a mill and that the cattle don't need to drink is more than I can see.'

'Look at the beauty of the view,' says the Deacon. 'I can set here on this veranda and enjoy it every day in the week except, of course, on Sunday; and I tell you that a taste for enjoying the beautiful creations that are all around us is one of the things that a true Christian ought to have.'

"'I can't see any beauty in a lot of stagnant water,' says Parsons. 'Now, if that pond held buttermilk, it would be an interesting sight, and we could make money by fencing it in and letting people through the gate to look at it for a quarter of a dollar each; but why any man should enjoy looking at nothing but plain water I can't see.'

'That, brother Parsons, is probably because you are a worldly man,' says the Deacon. 'You can't see things in the light that I do but you can probably see that I won't agree to have that pond drained just to gratify your carnal instincts.'

"'There ain't no occasion for cussing and swearing at me,' says Parsons, who was a little riled at what the Deacon said 'Besides, I consider that using language such as you just used ain't the thing for any deacon to do.'

"'I didn't ask your opinion of my language,' says the Deacon. 'All you have to do is to understand that while I'm living, and owning this particular farm, that pond ain't going to be drained by no man.'

"'And what I want you to understand says Parsons, getting more and more riled, 'is that one-half of that pond belongs to me according to the deed that was drawed when I bought it of you. The line between our two farms runs exactly through the middle of that pond, and the deed says that I own the land under the water up to that dividing line. Now I'm going to drain my half of the pond, and if you don't like it you can do the other thing.'

"'Mr. Parsons,' says the Deacon, getting up and standing where he could shake his finger in the style that he used to shake it when he was exhorting sinners in the church, 'if you drain that pond I'll have the law of you, if I have to spend my bottom dollar. That's all I have to say to you, and you are at liberty to take that skiff of yours and go over to your own side of the pond and stay there. I've done with you, and I'm sorry that I ever forgot myself so far as to have any dealings with a man of sin.'

"That was enough for Parsons.

"The next morning he sent for his friend, the surveying sharp, and asked him to calculate just how many gallons of water there were in the pond. At the same time he set to work to drain his half of the pond. He dug a ditch, and put a six-inch iron pipe into it, and a gate to keep back the water when he didn't want it to run. The surveyor told him exactly how many gallons of water would run through the six-inch pipe in the course of an hour, and Parsons calculated that when he turned the water into the pipe he could let it run until his half of the pond had been emptied, when he reckoned to shut down the gate and let the Deacon keep his half of the water. In the course of a month the ditch was finished and the pipe laid and the gate all ready. Then, one morning, Parsons opened the gate and let the water go on its way rejoicing

"It took pretty near four days for Parsons' share of the water to run off, but before it was all gone he got a summons from the court, requiring him to answer the complaint of the Deacon that he had willfully and with malice aforethought, ruined a pond that belonged to the Deacon as much as it did to him. The case came on to be tried at the next session of the county court, and both sides employed the best lawyers in the State. It lasted for about a week and the lawyers had it nip and tuck, as you might say. Parsons' lawyer claimed that, according to the deeds of the property of the Deacon and Parsons, each of them owned one-half of the pond, and that the dividing line ran through the middle of it. He said that what Parsons owned was, of course, his own property which certainly did seem reasonable. Being his own property he had a right to do what he chose with it. According to the testimony of the surveyor, Parsons had drained away only one half of the water, and therefore the Deacon had no call to object to Parsons using his own water in his own way.

"Then the Deacon's lawyer had his inning. He allowed that half of the water belonged to Parsons; and he said that if Parsons had only used his half of the water the Deacon would have had no reason for complaining of him. But he claimed that Parsons had drained away water that did not belong to him. The Deacon's water, so the lawyer argued, had always risen to a certain point on his farm. Since Parsons began his draining operations, the water on the Deacon's side of the pond had fallen about three feet. This clearly showed that Parsons had drained away water that didn't belong to him, and consequently he must pay the Deacon damages. Then Parsons' lawyer said that if the Deacon had allowed his share of the water to run away, that was his own fault, and Parsons was not responsible for it. If the Deacon had taken the trouble to build a water-tight wall down through the middle of the pond, separating his half of the water from Parsons' half, none of it would have been lost. The Deacon had not been willing to take this trouble; and he had only himself to blame if some of his water had accidentally run away, along with the water belonging to Parsons.

"The jury were beginning to think that Parsons was in the right, when the Deacon's lawyer started a new idea. He said that Parsons and the Deacon undoubtedly owned the pond together, and that each of them owned half of the water, but that the dividing line which ran through the middle of the pond divided the land under the water, and not the water itself. He read from half a dozen big books to prove that the Deacon and Parsons owned half of each and every drop of water that there was in the pond, and that if Parsons wanted to claim his own share of the water and separate it from the share owned by the Deacon, he should have divided each and every drop of water in the pond—taking his half drop and leaving the other half drop to the Deacon. This sounded so scientific and astonishing that the jury almost made up their minds that it was right and that Parsons had made a big mistake; but Parsons' lawyer soon convinced them that the other lawyer's argument wasn't worth anything. Says he, 'When a man goes to a grocery and buys half a gallon of molasses he doesn't require the grocer to divide every drop of molasses that he has in the grocery. He merely experts him to draw half a gallon out of a cask and give it to him. That half gallon is his and the rest of the molasses is the grocer's.' It never seemed to me that this was a first class argument, but it hit the jury where they lived, for the reason that the foreman was a grocer, and didn't want to have any precedent which would require him to spend time dividing drops of molasses, or anything of the sort, every time he sold a half gallon or so. The grocer was a prominent citizen and half of the men on the jury owed him money. Naturally they thought as he did; so the Deacon's lawyer lost that point in the game.

"The Judge summed up in something of a hurry, for the trial had lasted a good while and the arguments were of the kind that naturally make a man thirsty He charged the jury that, as a matter of law, Parsons undoubtedly owned half of the pond and undoubtedly had a right to do what he chose with his own property. That was as good as telling the jury to decide in Parsons' favor, which accordingly they did, and Parsons got judgment with costs. The Deacon was like a raging lion, and he swore, so folks say—though I don't believe myself that he went further than saying 'darn,' or something more or less innocent of that sort—that he'd get even with Parsons yet

"The next day Parsons opened the gate and let half of the water that remained in the pond run off. The Deacon immediately brought another suit, but Parsons' lawyer took the ground that the dividing line mentioned in the deed still ran through the middle of the pond; and that, consequently, Parsons still owned all the water that was on

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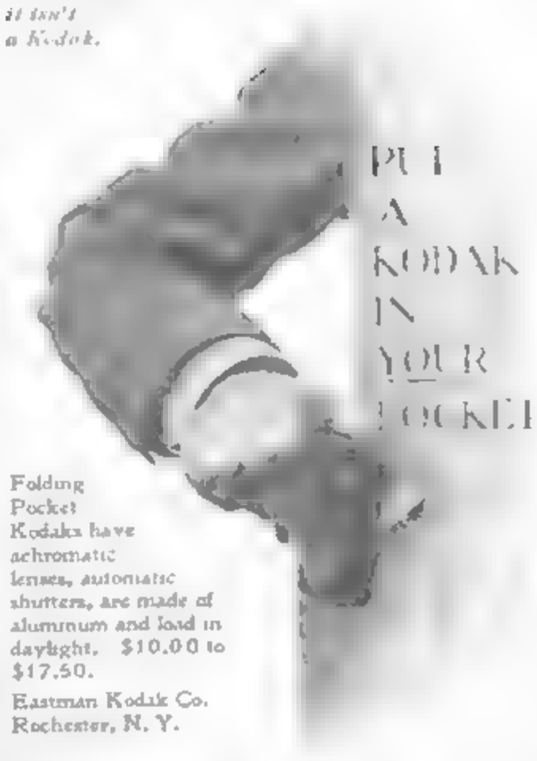

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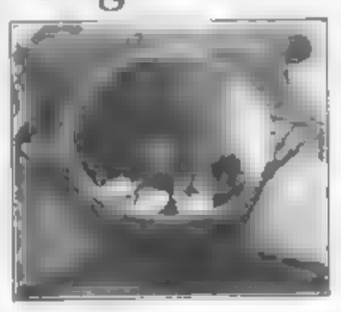

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his side of the line. The case was tried before the same Judge who had tried the first case, and by this time he was getting tired of it. Parsons' lawyer admitted that before the draining operations began half of the water that was in the pond belonged to the Deacon and that it was his business to take care of it. This he had failed to do, and it had run over to Parsons' property and, consequently he had the right to drain it away. The Deacon's lawyer did his best to contradict this, but he didn't succeed. The Judge charged again clean in Parsons' favor and Parsons got a second verdict

"Parsons wasn't content yet. When the trial was over he started in and drained away half of the water that was left, thus reducing the pond to a little puddle that the sun dried up in the course of a week. The Deacon didn't bring another suit. He knew that there would be no use in it, and, besides, he had a better plan in his head There was a creek, as I think I mentioned, on the east side of the two farms, about two hundred yards from where the pond used to be; and the Deacon set to work to dig a ditch through his own property from that creek to the place of the pond. It cost him considerable money, for there was a small hill in the way that had to be cut through but he was ready to spend his last dollar for the sake of getting square with Parsons

"When the ditch was dug, the Deacon turned on the water one night, and in the morning the pond was pretty near half full again. You see, the water came in through the Deacon's ditch about three times as fast as it could run off through Parsons' pipe

"Parsons brought an action against the Deacon for flooding Parsons' valuable land with water. However the suit never came to trial, as you will see when I get on a little further in this yer story

"Parsons was, as I've been saying, a good sort of chap, and, after he had beaten the Deacon in court, he began to feel sorry that they had ever quarreled. They had been friends for going on thirty years and had smoked a good many tons of tobacco together Neither of them was a married man, so they had trusted each other with all their private affairs. Parsons had enjoyed getting the best of the Deacon about the draining of the pond and in their two lawsuits but now it came over him, especially at evening, when he sat smoking alone, that he sort of wished that he and the Deacon were friends that he could go over to the Deacon's place and have a little general and improving conversation once more. Once he met the Deacon in Mather's store, over in the village, and said 'Good morning' to him but the Deacon, after looking through him for a minute, as you might say, just remarked in a general sort of way, 'Get thee behind me Satan,' and turned and went out of the store After that there didn't seem to be any prospect of a reconciliation, and most people thought that the difficulty would come to be settled in the end by shooting, in spite of the fact that the Deacon was a deacon and that Parsons was the sort of useless man who don't know a gun from a shoe horn

"You've probably heard of cloudbursts No? Well! I am surprised to hear you say that you haven't. That shows that you don't know much about the resources of our country. A cloudburst is when a shower, instead of coming down in drops, just comes down in a solid lump—or I suppose I ought to say in a liquid lump, though I don't believe in being so particular careful in selecting words so as to say what I set out to say. You pour water out of a watering pot and that will be like a shower. Then you dump a whole washtub full of water on the ground and that will be like a cloudburst

Now, along in the month of August, or mebbe September, it don't matter particular which, there was a cloudburst a few miles to the northward of here. The pond between Parsons farm and the Deacon's was full, just as it had been before Parsons undertook to drain it. Parsons was setting on his front veranda after his noon meal, smoking his pipe and wondering when the two foot pipe that he had ordered for the purpose of draining the pond over again would arrive, when a man rides by on a horse at full gallop yelling to him that there had been a cloudburst and that the creek would be down in a few minutes. Parsons didn't care much about it, for his house stood on high ground just where this house stands, and the creek was a good distance away from him. All of a sudden he remembers the ditch that the Deacon had dug from the creek to the pond and wondered whether the water that the cloudburst was bringing down would follow the old bed of the creek or would turn off through the Deacon's ditch and come into the pond. If the water did take a notion of coming into the pond, the chances were that it would carry off the Deacon's house, which was close to the edge of the pond, and was set up on piles about a foot above the ground Parsons rushed for his skiff, calculating to cross the pond and warn the Deacon, but before he could cast the skiff loose he heard a tremendous roar, and looked up and saw a big wave of water and mud and driftwood about ten feet high, coming along the route of the Deacon's ditch and making straight for the pond. He saw it wasn't of any use trying to reach the Deacon ahead of the water; so he hauled his skiff, which was a light one, up toward his house, until he was sure that it was out of danger, and then he looked to see what the water would do

He didn't have to wait many seconds The water struck the Deacon's house and carried it away like a feather. As it went tearing down the valley, where Parsons' drainage pipe was located, he saw the Deacon climbing out on the roof where he set down straddling the ridge pole, and looking like a castaway sailor on a big hen-coop. He went out of sight, around a curve in the valley, and then the water settled down to run in a steady stream, say a hundred yards wide, and as swift as the rapids below Niagara

"Parsons didn't waste any time in speculating on the Deacon's probable fate. He just dragged his skiff back to the edge of the water and launched her, jumped in and took to the oars like all possessed. He was a middling handy man with the oars in quiet water, but this was the first time he had ever tried to outrow a cloudburst, and naturally he had to bend his back and do his level best. He rowed so he afterward said about two miles, never looking out for floating trees, or drowned cattle, or anything of the kind, but just rowing his level best and taking his chances. At the end of the two miles he overtook the Deacon and his house, and, catching on to a window blind, he sung out for the Deacon to hurry up and get in the boat. The Deacon looked at him but never said a word, and Parsons began to get a little riled

'See here, you blamed old idiot,' he yelled. 'There's the Jumping off Place only a mile below you' You see, the Jumping off Place was a precipice about fifty feet high, and the flood was making straight for it But the Deacon kept on hardening his heart, same as old Pharaoh, and Parsons tried another tack

'Deacon,' says he I've risked my life to save you, for the sake of old times. Come along, and I'll never meddle with that darned pond again.'

"Then the Deacon softened and, climbing down very careful, for he hated to get his feet wet, got into the boat. After a bit he said

'Mr. Parsons, I suppose that this is a humiliation laid on me for my sins and I'd do wrong to neglect it. I'll even go so far as to say that I'm much obliged to you for your trouble

'Parsons didn't say nothing, but just pulled for the shore He had a close shave from going over the precipice before he could fetch a landing place but he finally ran the boat into an eddy and then he and the Deacon climbed ashore. They stood looking at one another without speaking for a minute or two, and then Parsons says

'Deacon' I ain't what you call hopefully religious, but it seems to me that we ought to thank God for this escape' And the Deacon says: 'We will thank God for this escape and also for bringing two foolish old friends together again.' And then he put his arms around Parsons, as if he had been his old woman, and he just gave a sort of sob, and then burst out praying in his best style

'There wasn't any more question about draining the pond. The cloudburst attended to that, and when it was over the creek went back to its old bed, and there wasn't a drop of water left in the pond. The Deacon and Parsons were better friends than ever, and the day the Deacon brought Parsons into the church and stood by him while he was baptized won't be forgotten by any who saw it.'

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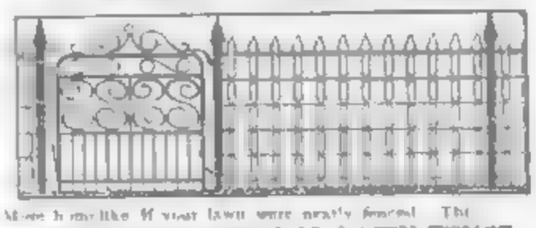

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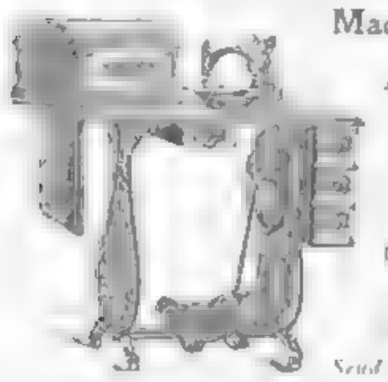

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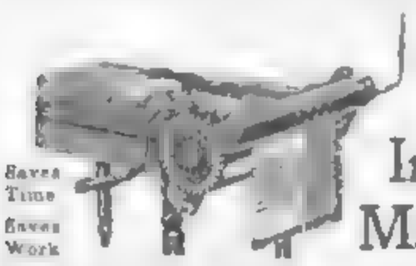

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By Perriton Maxwell

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The school was first opened in a section of the basement of the big New York store. It has outgrown its original quarters and is now settled in a building just across the street from the establishment—on Ninth Street near Broadway. Here are the usual furnishings of a school—desks, maps, books of reference, writing materials—all school room paraphernalia.

The Boy Who Never Lacks a Place

There is one notable fact about the students of the "cash-boys' college" which differentiates them from other youngsters in the race for knowledge: they are wage-earners as well as pupils. Not a lad of them but is adding his mite to the support of a family, they know what the struggle for existence means. That is why they delve into their books with an intentness not usual among care-free boys of their age, and that is why they need no urging to take advantage of the opportunity for an education.

The man whose business it is to hire the cash boys declares his no easy task.

"It is much more difficult to hire a boy than it is to hire a man," says he. "The look of a man's face is fixed, and his character is more or less indicated in his countenance. It is not so with a boy. I never engage a boy on first sight, for when a lad applies for a position he is seen at his best. If clothes and shoes and teeth and finger-nails are unclean, then you may be sure they will not be different afterward.

"The first step in employing a cash-boy so far as our rule is concerned, is to note his face and general appearance. The first question asked a prospective cash boy concerns his age, for the law requires that he must be at least fourteen years old. If the applicant says he is under fourteen, we inquire if he has a certificate from the Board of Health, which gives a general description of him. If he says no, we tell him his application cannot be considered until he gets this document, as the firm employing a boy under age, without proper license, is open to a heavy fine. It is the neat, quick, polite boy who is given employment in our establishment.

"I would employ any boy with these qualifications even if he came unrecommended. The trouble with most boys is that they are too impatient for promotion; they will not work with an eye to the future. When we do find a lad who works as if he hoped to own the place some fine day, who gets down to harness at the outset, he is pushed right ahead by more willing hands than he can count.'

To appreciate the workings of the "cash boys' college," the cash-boy himself and his store duties must be understood. Some positions in a large department store are too difficult for a boy to fill constantly. As an example, the work for boys in the mail department involves such nervous strain that the young fellows who work there alternate with each other. One boy begins work at seven o'clock in the morning and continues until noon, and another boy then takes his place and works until five, the rest of the time being passed in doing light incidental work. Unless one has worked in the mail department of a big store he cannot appreciate the severity of its duties.

Breaking in New Material

After a boy is engaged he has to be broken in. When he is put in a particular department he is placed with an older boy who shows the newcomer the different parts of the house to which he will be dispatched on errands. Though the pneumatic tube system of sending cash to the desk is in vogue in some large stores, it in no way affects the usefulness of the cash-boy. The boys must report for duty at a quarter to eight o'clock. They are arranged in alphabetical divisions. They are kept down stairs, in the basement of the big store, until eight o'clock is sounded. Their badges are distributed, they are commanded to fall in and then march past the timekeeper, division by division. During business hours they are under the control and surveillance of the aisle managers or floor-walkers.

When the bell rings at six o'clock and the day's work is done, each boy deposits his badge in a place set apart for it and is free to go home. The conduct of each lad is noted in a ledger. That ledger will be of biographical worth some day when a few of the obscure names now written in its pages shall have become known in the business world. Read some of the comments opposite the boys' names: "Excellent boy," "Bright and willing," "Resigned to take better position." Are these not significant entries? There are others just as significant: "Impudent and careless," "Hard to manage," "Do not recommend to other firms," "Lazy," "Not desirable," "Discharged." There is a simple forecast of the future.

The "cash boys' college" is in the hands of a very competent instructor, and it is a part of the method of the school to encourage every sign of aptitude, every show of talent for the business life. The books of the students here are of the kind most beneficial for the purpose in view—that of making alert men of affairs. Many of the formalities of ordinary school life are not found here, but a careful record of the work of each boy is maintained from his entrance to graduation. These records have much weight in determining the promotion of the student from cash boy to stock clerk—the first step upward to success.

The Aims and Successes of the College

The schoolboys, who are cadets as well as cash boys, are divided into three classes. The lowest grade attends school Mondays and Thursdays; the next grade attends Tuesdays and Fridays; the highest grade on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The lower grades are taught writing, spelling, English composition, arithmetic and rapid calculation. These studies have been selected as the essential ones for a dry goods man to have at his command. Listen to the opinions

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"Hebe herself could serve no daintier cup."

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on this score of one who holds a high place in the house that has established the "cash-boys 'college":

"Blunders are more frequently made by men through lack of knowledge in the several educational branches taught in the 'cash-boys' college' than for any other cause. Legible writing, accurate orthography and correct, rapid figuring are the prime essentials in every business career. Without these fundamentals there is no hope for any one who embarks in a commercial pursuit.

"Cash-boys start in our place with a salary of two dollars and a half a week and, if found capable, are soon raised to three dollars. Stock-boys receive five dollars, and from thence the line of promotion and increased salary goes on up to salesman at fifteen or twenty dollars a week. Nearly all of the trusted employees of this establishment who are now drawing comfortable salaries have come up from the ranks of the cash-boys. The heads of the firm are self-made men, and it is only natural that they should take a keen interest in the educational adjunct of the business. Their wish is to graduate from the 'cash-boys' college' not only young men who are equipped intellectually for the life before them, but who are gentlemen in the full sense of the term.

A Graduate of the "Cash-Boys' College"

Politeness, good conduct, suave speech are things not easily instilled into the young mind; as soon as the big store becomes crowded the boy nature comes to the surface. But despite the difficulties in the way, we are willing to pit the three hundred students of the 'cash-boys' college' against the same number of lads from the schools or another establishment like ours, as models of deportment, or for alertness of brain and hand, or for general business qualifications."

Perhaps the most interesting branch of study in this unique school is that of composition. For the most part the youngsters have something to say and say it with a breeziness that is often startling, but never doubtful as to its meaning. The compositions of the third grade are upon such topics as The Duties of a Cash-Boy, The Necessary Qualifications for Success in Business, The Obligations of American Citizenship, What is Patriotism? and so forth. There are ideas behind the clearly expressed thought of most of these essays. And, aside from their literary merit, there is that other rare merit—rare for a boy—cleanliness. Not a blot on the pages of composition and penmanship books, not a cover bent.

How the Work Affects the Scholars

In all three grades of the little college spelling is the favorite study; indeed, it is looked upon by the boys more as a pastime than a duty. "The language the boys use is really astonishing," avers the chief instructor. "I do not mean to say that they employ long words without knowing their meaning. On the contrary, they are careful in their choice of words, and that, for a boy at fifteen, is uncommon indeed. I frequently hear them talking among themselves in true boyish fashion, but using such words as 'departing,' 'conversing,' 'habitual' and the like.

"Though our school lads are of a serious cast of mind they are not glum. Both in the 'cash-boys' college' and in the store we have grown to mistrust any boy who is too serious. There's something awry in a lad, mentally or physically, when he lacks boyish spirit and has no tendency to pranks and mischief. The most mischievous boys are invariably the brightest. Every boy has to be treated differently in the college; it is an erroneous idea that all boys are alike. What will inspire one boy to greater efforts will send another in the dumps if it does not wholly destroy his ambition; a soft or joking word to one kind of boy will seem to him a license for every degree of liberty, whereas the same word to another lad will bring the flush of pride and good intention to his face."

The principle upon which the "cash-boys' college" is founded is to superadd to the education of a youth in the business methods of the house that gives him a living a share of sound, general instruction. The cash-boy graduated from such a school is necessarily superior and more desirable than the little chap who can scarcely write his name and who knows only the routine work required of him. A graduate of the "cash-boys' college" is in a position to leave his training-ground at any minute and take a more remunerative position in a strange store. The success of the "cash-boys' college" is evidenced by the success of its graduates; it is one of the important end-of-the-century achievements.

The Moon and Green Cheese

MR. H. G. WELLS' new wonder story is to be entitled The First Men in the Moon.

Mr. Wells has lately appeared as a contributor in a curious quarter. The Grocers' Assistant has from him an article of advice, wholesome and witty enough to deserve a wider hearing. Here is an extract:

"Certainly I have every reason to sympathize with grocers' assistants, for, though I was not one myself, I was for some time apprentice to a draper, and I had the pleasure and benefit of the friendship of several assistants in the grocery trade. I knew the pinch of it all; the intolerable hours, the brutal competition, the many petty tyrannies of retail trade, and I only wish I could see my way to suggest drastic reforms that would at one blow remove all these evils. But I cannot. Two things I would counsel. One is that the grocer's assistant should set before his eyes, and keep before his eyes, the supreme duty of kindliness, help and charity toward his fellow-assistants, and especially toward his juniors; and, secondly, that he should endeavor to expend every bit of energy he can honestly avoid expending upon his master's business in increasing his own efficiency. Let him learn French, read sedulously the trade organs, master business correspondence, and eschew all frivolous pursuits. Above all, let him avoid dancing classes, the society of condescending persons of a superior class, the banjo, fiction, and the feminine sex. And cultivate orderly habits."

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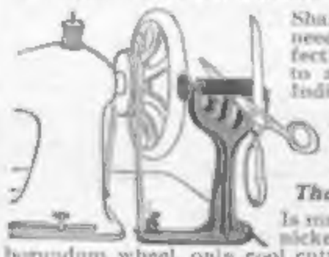

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WHAT to READ
The Books of the Week

A Proem and a Play*

Mr. Friedman has handicapped a discerning and sympathetic study of tenement life with a doleful preface. Only a heart brave with irrepressible faith in the sure triumph of the good, or a pessimistic mind which feeds, by choice, on the musty food of philosophic despair, will be able to get beyond the proem of Poor People. But those who skip this doleful foreword or persevere in spite of it have no uncertain reward. Quickly they find their sympathies and their animosities deeply stirred by the humble affairs of the tenement.

Wilson, who tells the story, is a gentle and refined man of mature years, who clerks in a music store and bases his hopes of salvation from the thraldom of poverty upon the opera he is writing. The same simple and genial qualities which have endeared The Vicar of Wakefield to generations of readers draw the heart of the reader to the kindly old flute-player. His daughters, Jane and Ida, are delineated with cleverness and strength. The former hides a kind heart behind a handsome face and the effrontery of the ribbon counter; Ida reads the hidden moods of Adolph, the shy and morose watchmaker who battles with inherited appetite and finally wins fame and success by his simple play, Poor People. The story ends with this triumph which is witnessed by the chief inhabitants of the tenement.

This book cannot be put aside without the conviction that Mr. Friedman has written from a close knowledge of the life which he has depicted. His Poor People are very real, very human personages and persistently haunt the memory. Here and there in the story are to be found didactic sentences which might well have been spared.

However, there are many quaint touches in the incidental philosophizing and character-drawing which give the book flavor and piquancy. "To be old, to be useless, to be poor—this is the triology of misfortune!" exclaims the old flute-player who has lost his position in the store and is refused a second assignment of envelopes at the "addressing bureau." The fortune-teller of the tenement is described, in a line, as "the kind of a woman that goes with a parrot."

It is not too much to say of this picture of tenement life that it is a worthy contribution to the annals of the poor, for it shows how the truest charity is that done by those who are themselves but a shade removed from destitution. —*Forrest Crissey.*

The Iron-Shod Steed†

The great railroad story, like the great American novel, remains to be written.

However, there have been many good examples of both, and Mr. Spearman's collection of eight stories of the doings of the West End of a certain road between Chicago and Denver is entitled to rank among the many. In The Nerve of Foley and the seven Others which go to make up the volume, Mr. Spearman, who is, perforce, the narrator, figures as Mr. Reed, the train master of the division. He demonstrates his ability to fill the place. Mr. Spearman knows the road. His engine-drivers handle their throttles, their Johnson levers, their air and their sand with the skill and caution of men freighted with responsibility; to him the intricacies of the train chart are an open mystery, and, with the knowledge of one who has traveled much, he declares a ballast of slag "the sweetest, springiest bed under steel." His men, too—Georgie Sinclair, Foley, and Neighbor, the division superintendent of motive power, and the others—are honest, steady, loyal, and, in so far as they can be, walking on such volcanic ground as would seem to have underlain the West End, and seen through such a cloud of steam, dust and cinders as everywhere envelopes them, are living figures."

No doubt a certain measure of adventure is incident upon a railroad life—though those clear-sighted analysts, the rate adjusters of the insurance companies, write it, in their tabulated statements, only "a trace"; no doubt, also, it is precisely this illusive trace, strengthened and reënforced, that lends the wine of literature its tonic shock (for, after all, we read fiction as we drink wine, for the reason that it is not water); but to live in one continual whirl of flying car wheels and twisted axles, threshing side rods and bursting boilers, cyclones, strikes and burning bridges, must, in the end, become wearing on the nerves. No wonder that Foley—who was as agile as most of them and possessed, so Andy Cameron declared, of all kinds of nerve—in all other respects a self-contained gentleman, craved the solace of a chew.

Mr. Spearman writes: "Many locomotives as I have seen and ridden, a new one is always a wonder to me; it chokes me up, even, it means so much." This is good, but it is not enough. One wishes for a calmer, saner appreciation of "the man who occupies a position which for the exercise of temperance, of courage, of honesty, has no equal at the altitude of prime ministers"—the engine-driver—"who is altogether more worthy than the soldier and better than the man who moves on the sea in ships, who for outright performance, carried on constantly, coolly and without elation, is the farthest point." One remembers that declaration of Mr. Stephen Crane's, and his kindred one that "surely there is no engine-driver who does not appreciate the beauty of the business," that "the whole thing is æsthetic"—and with the remembrance comes the wish. However, as has been said before, the great railroad story is not yet written—and these are good. Wherefore we are thankful with those who love the road.—*Thornton Sherburne Hardy.*

A Prophet of the Unknown*

A dozen bright aphorisms to the contrary, the task of the pioneer is a rather thankless one. Six or seven years ago it was a common thing to hear Mr. Vance Thompson referred to as a man who knew more about unknown people than any other contributor to the current press and periodicals. When the names were meaningless to the majority of readers and seemed to some clever creations, Mr. Thompson wrote with enthusiasm, and as the late Professor Hjalmar H. Boyesen said, "with a knowledge that very few Americans possess."

French Portraits is not a perfect book, nor will any of us accept all that the author says as the final or the ultimate opinion. He tells us by way of preface that it is not his business to manufacture opinions for the people—these are his opinions, and very clever and interesting opinions they are, too. When one considers how completely the "young writers of France" have been considered, and without drearisome detail or didacticism, one wonders at the author's deftness. Verlaine is put aside with an "impression," and then follow careful, critical, semi-personal discussions of Mallarmé, Maeterlinck, Lemonnier, Emile Verhaeren, Rodenback, Catulle Mendès, Pierre Louys, Jean Richepin, Maurice Barrès, Marcel Schwob, and a dozen others not so important. If these last in themselves are not interesting, Mr. Thompson's analysis of them is.

It is, of course, unnecessary to point out that these writers (the unknown a trifle more vociferously than the known) are part of the "new movement" in France. There is a chaos there. René Doumic, a critic not so brilliant as Jules Lemaître, nor as conservative as Brunétière, and therefore an acceptable mean, suggests as a genesis that these men realized the awful force of the "*époque critique*"—such as this is—knew that no matter how high the production, the standard of our overwrought consciousness must find it wanting. Their hope was in absolutely defying criticism and ignoring order. These general statements do not, of course, apply to men like Verlaine, Mallarmé and Mendès. These three would, under any literary conditions, be great. As it is, they have been swept on by the flood, but to them also is the credit of having influenced its direction.

What we know will be received anywhere with favor are the few translations that the author has put in. Mr. Thompson has a facility of phrase and a vocabulary most striking, and he gets all the soul of his author with an almost miraculous ease. His translation of the stories of Catulle Mendès is as beautiful as the original itself. He calls it a "paler English," but it is every bit as opalescent as Mendès' French.

—*George Henry Payne.*

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* Poor People. By I. K. Friedman. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

† The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. By Frank H. Spearman. *Harper & Brothers.*

* French Portraits. By Vance Thompson. *Richard G. Badger & Co.*

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College Fiction Features

¶ The Borrowed Sonnet. A story of the English Department at Harvard, by Charles Macomb Flandrau, author of Harvard Episodes.

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Literary Folk as they Come and Go

Guy Boothby is one of the lucky people whose books are certain of a steady sale, even in time of war. The adventure novel is simply a grown-up development of the adventure story with a circulation that does not stop at the schoolroom; and perhaps we should never have taken it seriously at all had not Stevenson proved so delightfully that it could be made a work of art.

Guy Boothby would be the last person to take himself or his work seriously. Any one who can undertake to write four novels at a time, and within a given time, and do what he undertakes, can hardly be expected to spend much time in worrying over the *mot juste*. All last summer, for instance, this is what he was doing, and very little it seemed to trouble him. Rising at six he would speak his four installments for the day into four separate phonographs to be afterward transcribed by his secretaries, and dispatched to their various destinations. This left him free for the greater part of the day to attend to what is really the serious business of life to him—to the management of his charming little estate on the banks of the Thames at Sunbury.

Here he has kennels stocked with every size and variety of dogs, from the great, white, Russian wolf-hound down to the tiniest specimen of black Pomeranian, though his principal hobby is the breeding of bulldogs. Here, too, in the conservatory leading out of the drawing-room, are his aviary of foreign birds and his collection of quaint tropical fish, collected by him in his wanderings in the South Seas; and here, too, on the beautiful stream at the bottom of the sloping green lawn lies his steam launch. It is the home of a successful writer and the characteristic home of a writer of adventure novels that are never to be taken seriously. Yet there was an early effort of Mr. Boothby's, a little story, soon forgotten, called A Lost Endeavor, that showed promise of rare qualities. It is not by stories of that kind, though, that palaces on the river are to be built up, and the promise of that little story has never been realized by its host of successors. But, then, when Mr. Boothby wrote it he had no bulldogs and no phonographs.

A Comedy in Socialism

Mr. Bernard Shaw is best known in both England and America as a writer of brilliant plays and witty dramatic and musical criticism. But the biggest part of his work, if not the best known, is his writing on questions of political economy; for Mr. Shaw is a socialist and a leading member of the Fabian Society.

Radical theories in politics are apt to mean radical theories as to costume, and, in consequence, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw sometimes form an amusingly contrasted couple. The Fabians do not believe in evening dress for men, and Mr. Shaw's favorite costume is a double-breasted blue serge coat with a red cravat. Mrs. Shaw has the common feminine liking for pretty frocks. At a first performance of one of Mr. Shaw's plays, You Never Can Tell, the author and his wife sat prominently in a stage box, the one in his kind of yachting suit, the other in a beautiful evening gown of white satin and lace with a necklace of pearls and diamonds. It rather reminds one of the sympathetic independence of Count Tolstoi and his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw live in a delightful house in the Adelphi Terrace, from the windows of which there is a noble view of the Embankment Gardens, the Thames with Cleopatra's Needle, Waterloo Bridge and the dome of St. Paul's dimly seen through the London smoke. But it is amusing to notice that the door-plate reads "Mrs. Bernard Shaw"—Mr. Shaw will not lend his name to sanction such luxuries!

Mr. Shaw is one of the hardest working and most useful men in London. He is a member of the vestry of St. Pancras' parish and is grappling with the practical problems of municipal government. He is also constantly hard at work on socialistic tracts and booklets—so hard at work, indeed, that witty plays must wait and the promised Plays for Puritans are not yet written. Yet there is an amusing legend of a rabid socialist who went last summer to see Mr. Shaw at Hindhead, where the Shaws were living in the charming literary colony which exists there, and who found on the pathway leading to the house the stubs of several gold-tipped cigarettes, jumped at once to the conclusion that Mr. Shaw was a renegade to the cause, turned about and hurried away in despair.

Count Tolstoi's Two Daughters

From the letter of a recent visitor to Count Leo Tolstoi it appears that the famous Russian novelist and reformer enjoys the assistance of his two daughters, who have more than ordinary talent. The elder, Tatjana, differs with her father in respect to nearly every one of his pet theories, while the second, Marcha, is almost fanatical in following out his doctrines, going so far as to work daily in the fields along with the peasant women of the district. Both girls are deeply attached to their father and find their greatest pleasure in relieving him of clerical labor. They read, write and speak six languages and compose with hereditary ability.

The differences of opinion do not disturb the harmony of the household, which is a model of equanimity and gentleness.

The novelist paid a high tribute to his daughters when he said to his visitor: "However great I may be as a novelist, I am much greater as a correspondent, but that's because my two girls write all my letters."

Banquo's Ghost in a Frolic

Of the leading literary lights of London, Stephen Phillips is certainly one of the most eccentric. His metrical work gives no idea of his personality. His verse is strong, dramatic, musical and picturesque. It is never morbid and seldom displays whimsical fancy or humor of any sort. Yet from his boyhood the poet has been an odd combination of deep melancholy and wild fun. At school he was a perpetual wonder to his teachers—incorrigibly lazy and phenomenally bright.

He began life's serious work as an actor. He says himself that he was a very bad actor, but competent judges say that he varied from very bad to very good. Even here his moods played havoc at times with the success of both himself and his colleagues. On one occasion, while playing Banquo and Banquo's ghost in Macbeth, he started a series of comical pranks in the famous banquet scene just before the curtain went up.

The merriment proved contagious and Macbeth and Lady Macbeth joined in the fun, which culminated in their throwing at one another the eatables upon the board. They were so carried away that they did not hear the bell for the curtain. As this rose, a tart struck Banquo's ghost in the eye, to the wild amazement of the audience. Mr. Phillips, in commenting upon the scene, says, "I question if the good old tragedy ever before in its history provoked so much laughter." This incident was one of several which caused him to give up the profession.

In his literary career he encountered the usual hardships at the beginning, but the public soon recognized the high talents if not the genius of the new singer. The poem which is said to have made the deepest impression upon the public was a powerful composition, an ode to melancholia dedicated to A. S. P. The dedication aroused much inquiry, and it was not until nearly a year had elapsed that the curious learned that A. S. P. stood for Agatha Sophia Phillips, his mother, a studious Quaker lady, who had died from that rare complaint, melancholia.

Maurice Hewlett's Wanderings

Maurice Hewlett, whose Forest Lovers and Little Novels of Italy have put him in the first rank of English story writers, resides, when he is at home, in Talbot Square, Bayswater, London. His wife is a skillful pastel painter, and their little boy of eight, a child of remarkable beauty, is known to multitudes through having served as a model for both Millais and Leighton. The novelist and his wife ought to have gypsy blood in their veins, so fond are they of travel and change. When the mood strikes them they pack their trunks and start off at a moment's notice for John O'Groat's or Granada.

Among his intimate friends the author is noted for the copperplate beauty of his handwriting, and for his fondness for brown velvet and velveteen wearing apparel. He says the first saves him from his publishers and the second from miscellaneous callers.

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Tomatoes grown from a potato root

Improving on Nature Botanical experts nowadays are much interested in finding out novel and extraordinary results that may be obtained by the process of grafting. It is wonderful what queer things Dame Nature, ordinarily so shrewd and conservative, can be persuaded to do when cajoled in this fashion. Certainly nothing more notable in this line has been accomplished up to date than the grafting of the tomato on the potato. There is no very great difficulty about it, apparently, and the manner in which the tomato plant may be made to bear fruit, with a potato for a root, is very prettily illustrated by a photograph reproduced herewith.

Oddly enough, the process seemingly cannot be reversed, and nobody has yet succeeded in grafting the potato on the tomato. This, evidently, is too much even for amiable Mother Nature to put up with.

Beef Extract Without Meat The notion of making extract of beef without meat seems absurd, and yet it is now being done on a considerable scale in England. At all events, if the product be not meat-extract, it tastes so much like it as to be indistinguishable from the genuine. It is the invention of an Englishman, and vegetarians abroad have taken to it with such enthusiasm as to promise untold wealth to the patentee; for it should be realized that vegetarians, as a rule, do not abjure meat because they do not like it, but for the reason that they deem it unwholesome or forbidden from a humanitarian standpoint.

The basis of the preparation is simply brewers' yeast, which, in a fresh condition, is a soft, whitish paste somewhat resembling flour paste, with a peculiar and rather pleasant smell. To convert it into "meat extract," it is treated by a process that is as yet a secret. There seems to be no doubt of the fact that it has no meat substance in it, though it has all the flavor of the concentrated essence of beef. The inventor sells it with a guarantee of one thousand pounds sterling that it contains not a particle of animal matter.

Midwinter Market Farming The business of glass gardening, as it has been called, for the production of fresh vegetables and garden truck of all sorts in the winter time, is growing at a great rate in this country. It is estimated by the Department of Agriculture that no fewer than one thousand establishments in the United States are now engaged in this industry, the output consisting largely of lettuce, tomatoes and cucumbers. In the neighborhood of Boston this sort of farming is being conducted on a particularly large scale. About forty acres of glass in that vicinity are devoted to the purpose. Around the city of Providence there are ten acres or more, while the glass gardens for forcing winter vegetables in the neighborhood of New York, Chicago and other cities bring the total up to about one hundred acres, yielding an annual crop worth something like two and a quarter millions of dollars.

It seems likely that within a dozen years from the present time at least one thousand acres of glass will be utilized in this country for the growing of winter vegetables, and, in the vicinity of the great cities, will be numerous farms wholly under glass, catering to the cold-weather demands of the urban populations. The requirements of luxury are steadily increasing, and people of means are no longer content to be deprived of any table delicacy at any season of the year. In fact, the time has almost passed by when any vegetable or fruit may be said to have a season, save in so far as its natural production out of doors is concerned. Not only fresh tomatoes and lettuce, but strawberries and peaches are obtainable by the well-to-do in January as readily as in August.

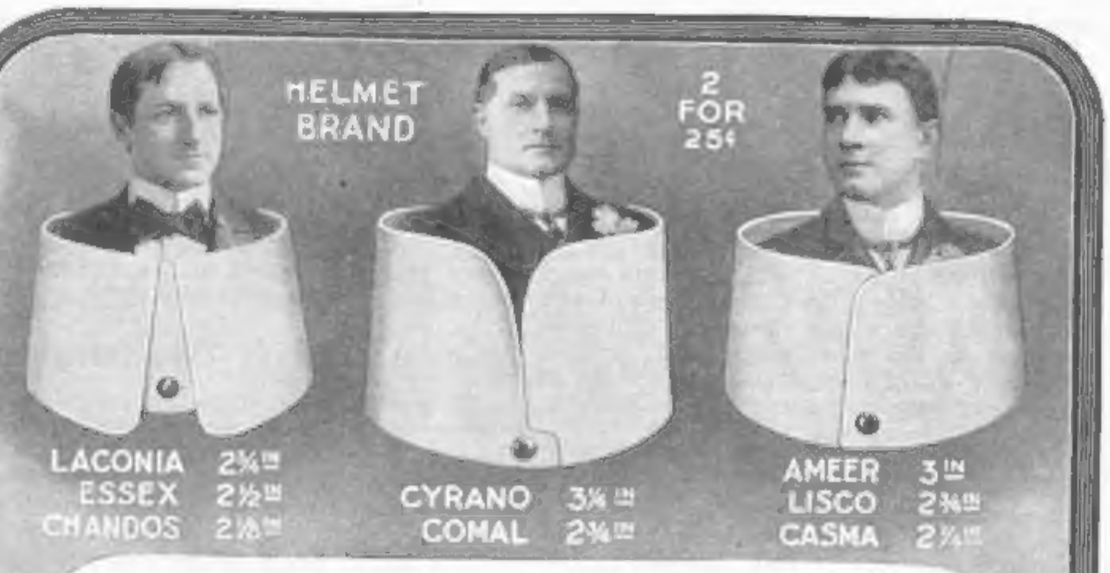
The business of raising flowers for market is likewise growing at a wonderful rate, and it is estimated by the Government experts that there are now in this country considerably over five hundred acres devoted to this purpose exclusively. In New York State there are, perhaps, one hundred and three acres, in Illinois ninety-eight acres, and in Pennsylvania ninety-three acres. The retail value of the flowers turned out annually is about twenty-two and a half millions of dollars, or one dollar for each square foot of glass.

Fortunes in Cut Flowers Of roses there are sold in this country, annually, one hundred millions, worth six millions of dollars. To these must be added an equal number of carnations, valued at four millions of dollars, and seventy-five millions of violets, valued at seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of lilies and miscellaneous flowers enough are sold to fetch, at first hand, a million and a quarter of dollars, while the single item of chrysanthemums grown in the United States represents half a million dollars every twelvemonth. In addition must be reckoned the plants sold in pots, which are said to number something like one hundred millions in a year. Their estimated value is ten millions of dollars.

The demand for flowers in this country, as with other luxuries, is steadily growing, and the business of producing them under glass is sure to increase enormously during the next decade. Prices obtainable for rare and beautiful blossoms grow higher from year to year, and rich people are spending fortunes in the creation of private glass gardens for the production, most particularly, of roses and orchids. This might be called The Age of Flowers; for never in the history of the world have flowers been so highly appreciated as they are at the present time.

As for vegetables, the art of forcing them in winter is said to have been understood to some extent by the ancient Romans, who, carrying the luxury of the table even further than the moderns, were willing to pay the most extravagant prices for fresh garden truck raised, during the cold season, in pits with manure, or in baskets with the same heating material. With the destruction of their civilization, however, the art was lost entirely.

Making Gems by Chemistry Various kinds of gems have been reproduced by chemical artifice. Moissan, in Paris, has manufactured diamonds by melting wrought iron with carbon and permitting the mixture to cool very slowly, the carbon being crystallized out. The diamonds thus made are almost microscopic, but it is believed that they will be produced of sufficient size before very long to be of commercial value. Rubies, as beautiful as the genuine, are turned out artificially, though people will not buy them because they are deemed bogus. This is accomplished by fusing small ruby "sparks" by means of electricity. The same thing is done with sapphires, and it is believed that emeralds will be reproduced by a like method.



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